The Smart Screen Magazine

15c

SCREENLAND

February

How Joan Crawford Keeps Glamorous

What's Behind the MacDONALD-EDDY "FEUD"?





How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

To *be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.*

Look Well

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum...Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, *Elizabeth Hawes*, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had *Simplicity Patterns* put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, *Joan Bennett*.

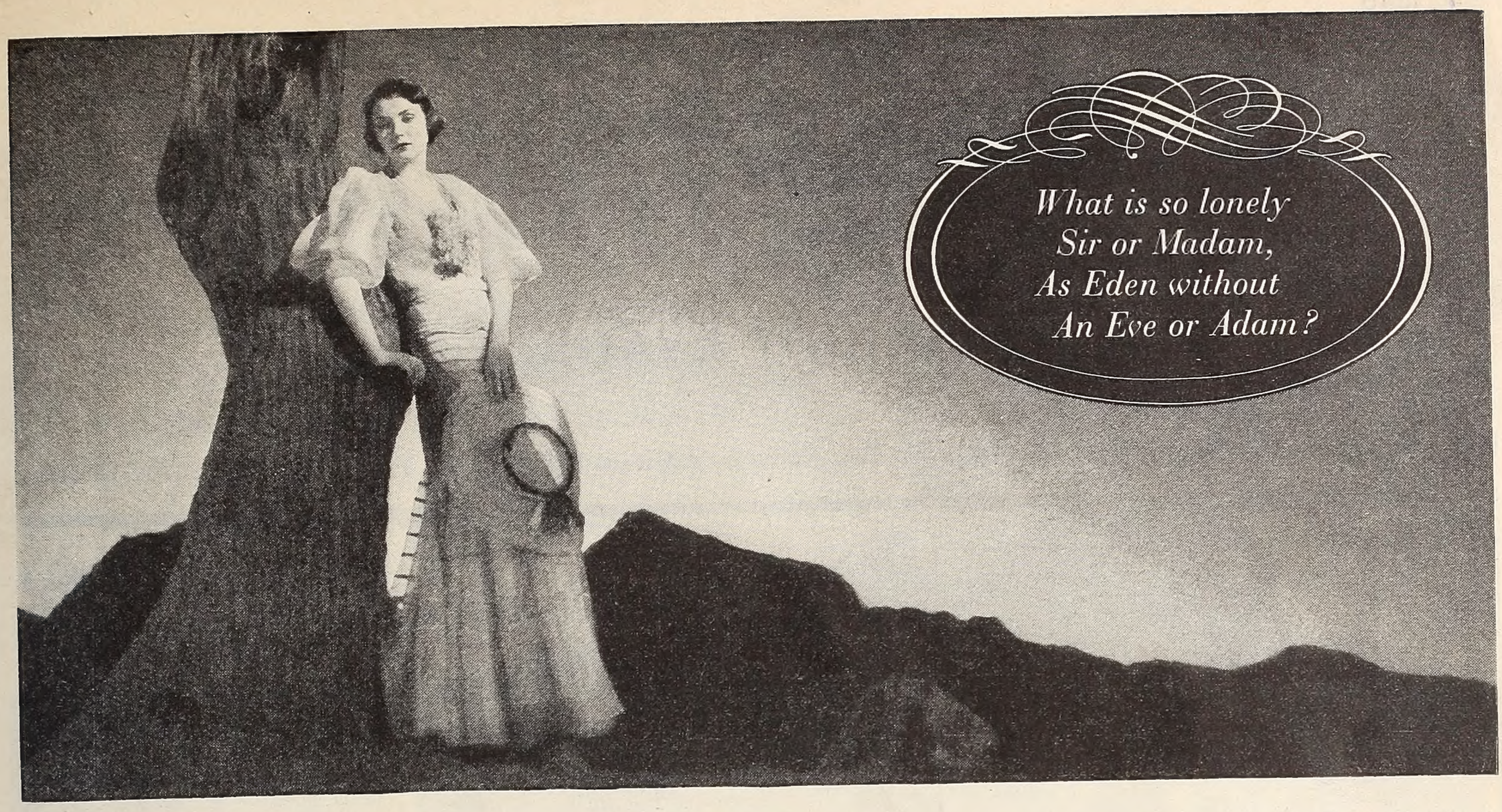
Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production — modeling Double Mint dress... designed by Elizabeth Hawes

Simplicity Pattern at any Simplicity Dealer



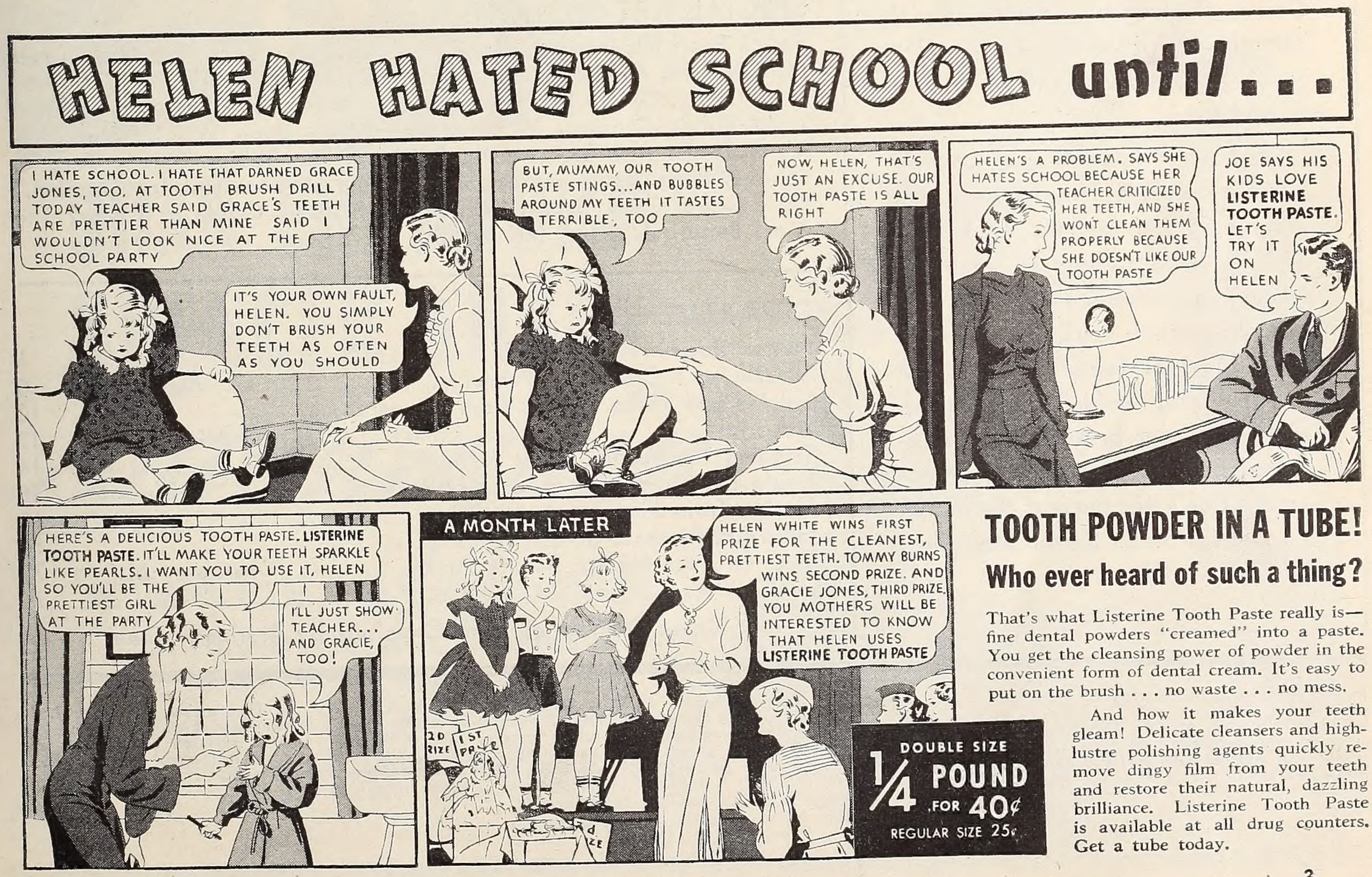
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THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?

Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germicidal action. No imitation can offer its freshening effect . . . its pleasant taste . . . its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



TOOTH POWDER IN A TUBE!

Who ever heard of such a thing?

That's what Listerine Tooth Paste really is—fine dental powders "creamed" into a paste. You get the cleansing power of powder in the convenient form of dental cream. It's easy to put on the brush . . . no waste . . . no mess.

And how it makes your teeth gleam! Delicate cleansers and high-lustre polishing agents quickly remove dingy film from your teeth and restore their natural, dazzling brilliance. Listerine Tooth Paste is available at all drug counters. Get a tube today.

JAN -7 1938
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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

February, 1938 Vol. XXXVI. No. 4

Have You A Trauma?

Everybody's got a trauma. Particularly in Hollywood. So don't be afraid to admit that you have one, when every star in screenland has admitted it and, what's more, tells all about it in a feature story in our next issue.

Want to know what Edgar Bergen is most afraid of? Read the story. Shirley Temple, Mae West, Simone Simon—they're all frightened of something; but what? You'll enjoy reading our feature in the next issue to find out.

That next issue—March, on sale February 4—will have a most unusual program, but we want most of it to be a surprise so we're not telling you much more right now. Just enough so that you'll look forward to a feast of features sensational and romantic, "inside" and amusing, with all of your favorite stars represented both in fact and in photographs. Don't miss the next, the March issue of The Smart Screen Magazine.

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

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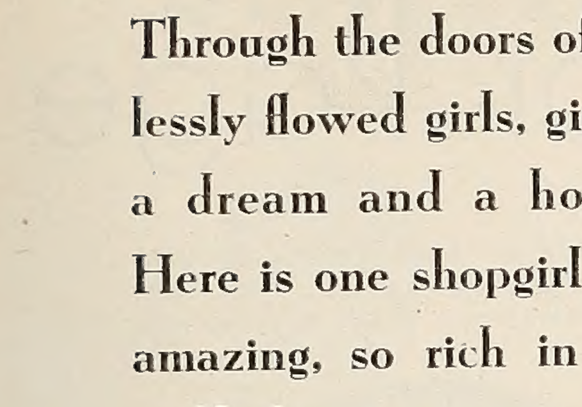
Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President, J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $2.10 in Canada; foreign $2.50. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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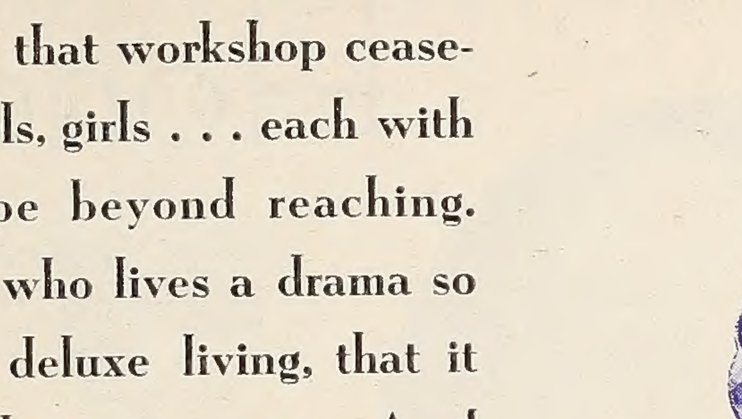
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Shopgirl's Millions . . .

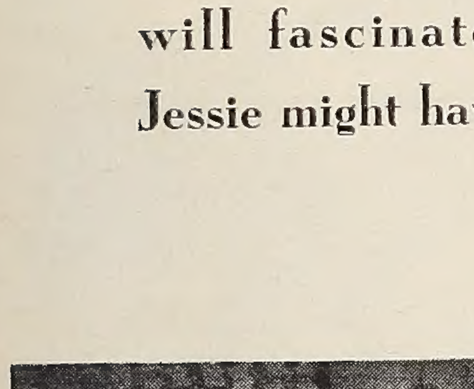
Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



Jessie toils to keep their "three-room heaven" . . . while Eddie gambles — with their love at stake!



"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!

JOAN CRAWFORD
SPENCER TRACY
IN
Mannequin

WITH

ALAN CURTIS · RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

SCREENLAND Honor Page

On this page, Carole Lombard in various states and stages of amusing emotion in "True Confession," ably abetted by Fred MacMurray.



To Carole Lombard, First Comedienne of the Screen, who can forget glamor to get a laugh

CAROLE LOMBARD has been acclaimed for beauty, for glamor, for style-sense. But she has never received the applause she so definitely deserves for her rare flair for comedy. Carole is the one stellar girl on our screens who deliberately deserts all glamor rules in the cause of comic effect; she never hesitates to blind us to her beauty to gain the necessary gusto. Sometimes Lombard ceases to be a beauty when she goes after laughs; at times in "True Confession" she is far from breathtaking; but she is always gay, always charming, unfailingly funny when she wants to be. What's more, in "True Confession" she achieves a real characterization, amazingly believable, of a lovable but rattle-brained wife mixed up in a murder. We hail Carole Lombard as the best trouper among Hollywood beauties.



GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...



SURE, if she is

MAE WEST

in

"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"

A Paramount Picture with

EDMUND LOWE
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
WALTER CATLETT
LLOYD NOLAN
HERMAN BING
CHESTER CONKLIN
and
LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Screen play by Mae West
An Emanuel Cohen Production
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hail and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysterics and you in a gale of giggles.

Why DO XXX'S SIGNIFY KISSES?



• When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss.*

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with you. Close inspection has safeguarded your confidence in Italian Balm from the moment the "raw materials" enter the Campana laboratories until the bottled product has been shipped to a store in your community.

Many physicians, dentists, nurses and other professional people will tell you that with Campana's equipment for making a skin protector—plus scientific analysis and control of manufacture—there's no doubt that Italian Balm is a superior skin preparation. Why not try it—FREE? Get a Vanity Bottle—use Italian Balm for several days. Compare results.



(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge" —Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

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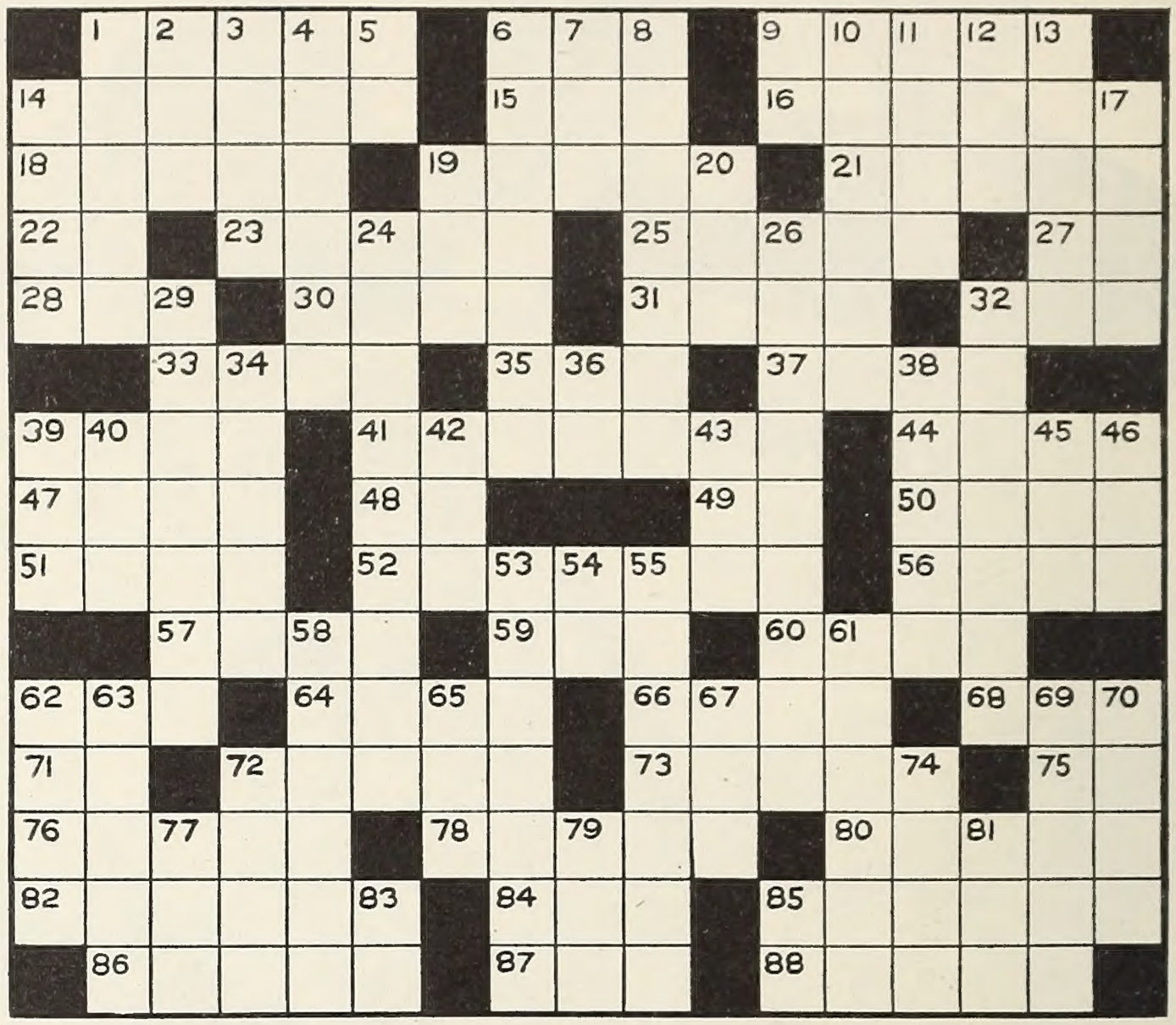
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



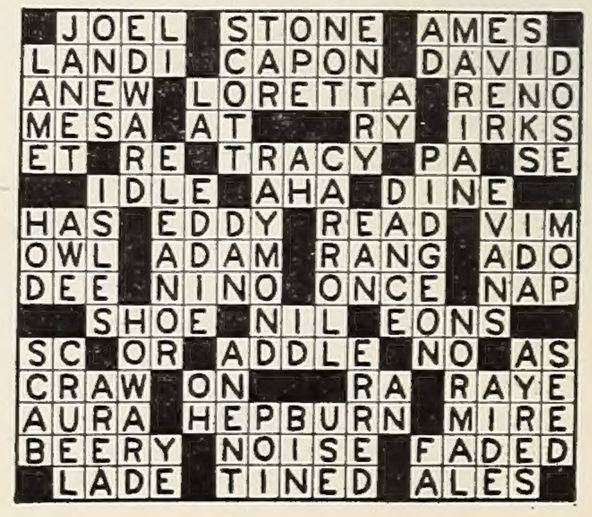
ACROSS

1. New Western star, in "Western Gold"
6. Epoch
9. She's featured in "The Hurricane"
14. He's featured in "You Can't Have Everything"
15. Spanish article
16. Female relatives
18. He's married to Ann Sothern
19. Co-star, "It's Love I'm After"
21. Morning prayer
22. That thing
23. A famous South Sea island
25. "Knight Without ———," with Dietrich
27. A continent (abbrev.)
28. French article
30. Large grass plot
31. Persia
32. Viper
33. What talcum powder is made of
35. Paddle
37. Lairs
39. Common bird
41. Her new one is "Angel"
44. At Sea
47. Bird of prey
48. Upward
49. Swede comic in movies
50. His new one is "Adventures of Marco Polo"
51. Precious stone
52. Judge in a sporting match
56. What you see with
57. Back
59. Greek letter
60. Island
62. To make lace
64. He plays *Flugelman* in "Music For Madame"
66. Female relative
68. She's featured in "Souls At Sea"
71. "Double — Nothing," with Bing Crosby
72. Regulated the pitch (of pianos)
73. Rob
75. Public notice (abbrev.)
76. Semi-precious stone
78. Stale
80. Sentry
82. Star of "100 Men and A Girl"
84. Small fish
85. Softly
86. Fruits
87. Automobile
88. Borders

DOWN

1. Struck
2. One of "Little Women"
3. Frosts a cake
4. Spell, enchantment
5. That man
6. Dancing star, "Broadway Melody of 1938"
7. Decay
8. His new one is "A Damsel In Distress"
9. One
10. Co-star of "Seventh Heaven"
11. Rip
12. Month of the year (abrev.)
13. Restrains
14. Dry
17. To break off
19. Ex-movie star, now Mrs. Rex Bell
20. To make a mistake
24. He's co-starred in "Exclusive"
26. Co-star of "The Prisoner of Zenda"
29. Co-star of "Seventh Heaven"
32. Tested (as gold)
34. Part of the leg
36. He's married to Ruby Keeler
38. She's featured in "Footloose Heiress"
39. Which person:
40. To knock
42. Monkey
43. Born
45. Before
46. Positive votes
53. His new one is "Nothing Sacred"
54. What? (Exclamation)
55. Covered pan for baking
58. He plays "The Great Garrick"
61. Produced (as a theatrical show)
62. Frog
63. Ready for battle
65. Allow
67. Indian
69. English lords
70. His new one is "Rosalie"
72. Leading lady in "Carnival Queen"
74. Organ for breathing
77. What a sheep would say in a talkie
79. The Lady in "Fight For Your Lady"
81. Dined
83. Since
85. Goddess of earth

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



It took 1,000 ARTISTS THREE YEARS *to make it!*

The most anticipated picture in 20 years will be the show sensation of 1938—and for years to come!..The most amazing advance in screen entertainment since the advent of sound!..You'll gasp, marvel, cheer at its wonders as you thrill to an experience you've never lived through before!..Without a human actor, it's more human than all the dramas that ever came out of Hollywood!..Power to make you laugh, cry, throb with excitement!..Music to fill your soul—8 big songs, several as good as "The Big Bad Wolf"!..Romance, adventure, mystery, pathos, tragedy, laughter and beauty such as you must actually see and feel to believe!.. Truly the miracle in motion pictures—the new wonder of the world!

WALT DISNEY'S

first full-length

FEATURE PRODUCTION



and the Seven Dwarfs

in the marvelous

MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.

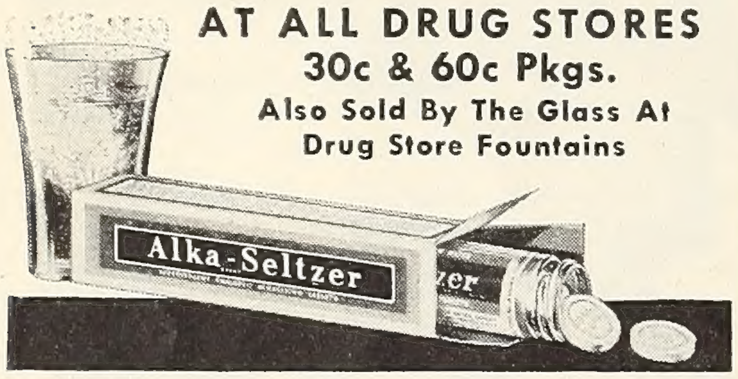


THIS EFFECTIVE WAY TO CHECK COLDS

AT the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. It's beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions for colds as explained in the direction sheet in every package of Alka-Seltzer.

Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance. And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the dull achy feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways.

AT ALL DRUG STORES
30c & 60c Pkgs.
Also Sold By The Glass At Drug Store Fountains



SONG POEMS Wanted At Once Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic, Sacred, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send best poem today for our offer.
RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Banish Gray Hair

Why look older than your years?



IT IS NOW so easy to get rid of gray hair that no man or woman need look older than their years. Right in your own home you can prepare and use a better remedy. Simply get, from any drug store, a box of Barbo Compound, an ounce of Bay Rum, one-fourth ounce of Glycerine. Mix these in a half-pint of water or your druggist will mix it for you. Comb this colorless liquid into your hair several times a week.

You will be amazed how natural-looking and youthful gray, faded, streaked hair becomes. Nor will this color wash out, color the scalp, or affect permanents or waves. To take off 10 years in 10 days, try Barbo today.

Salutes and Snubs

YOUNG, WINNING AND ABLE

For the kind of acting ability that makes pictures more interesting things to see, I choose Robert Young, who makes the characters he plays seem real as well as engaging, and the stories more entertaining. Robert Young certainly has the ability to entitle him to the best opportunities Hollywood can give him.

Dorothy Mae Supansic,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE TOPS IN TEAMS

My salute goes to the most attractive and romantic screen sweethearts—Don Ameche and Alice Faye. In that delightful musical hit, "You Can't Have Everything," Don sings beautifully, looks breathlessly handsome and romantic, and possesses a magnetism that reaches out beyond the screen.

Sonise Monroe,
Peoria, Ill.

MAKES 'EM COWBOY-CONSCIOUS

Grandma hated "hoss operas." But that was before Gene Autry appeared in those grand action westerns. Gene's refreshing personality, his pleasing voice and masterful riding, all combine to make "hoss operas" not only bearable but downright thrilling for grandma—and for me, too!

Elizabeth Selfe,
Corona, N. Y.

THE STAR BEHIND THE SCREEN

My favorite star of Hollywood is Walt Disney—and there should be more said of him in this department. It's a rare treat to see his *Mickey Mouse* comedies, especially after a week of just fair to middlin' pictures. Disney's rare ability in making us feel young and joyous over the whimsical impossibilities of *Mickey* and his fellow cartoon characters is just what we need as inspiration to a happier spirit and outlook on life.

Perry Shanks,
Granite City, Ill.

WHAT THE SCREEN NEEDS IS—

More Technicolor pictures. The color photography makes pictures so much more vivid, glowing and human—and good box office, as witness "A Star Is Born." New faces! Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, and all the other established stars are swell—but who wants ice cream at 3 meals a day? And for goodness sake, somebody please tell Robert Taylor to stop looking so smug. He's very handsome, and we all know it, but must he look so smug as for instance in that scene at the piano in the train scene of "Broadway Melody of 1938"?

Jewelle E. Dutton,
Washington, D. C.

THAT CERTAIN GREAT ACTRESS

After seeing Bette Davis in her latest, "That Certain Woman," I must Salute that marvelous little actress. In this part Bette was so sincere in the scene where she gave *Jackie* up, that I know those tears had to be real.

Louise Rogers,
Indianapolis, Ind.



The award of honor goes to Robert Young, who, above, occupies top place in the department this month by virtue of votes from our readers.

MORE ABOUT MARLENE!

What goes on here? Why not more talk about Marlene Dietrich in letters from the readers? They aren't writing as much about Marlene as I think they should. We can't let Glamor Girl No. 1 down, can we? And you've got to admit that Dietrich has done plenty toward giving us more excitement in "Desire," "Allah," and other pictures.

Robert J. Creay,
Indian Orchard, Mass.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING TO HOLLYWOOD!

Whatever you have ro say—be it a Salute or a Snub—here's the place to say it. Your letters are welcome here, and the ideas they express are important to stars and producers as well as your fellow film-goers. So send along your thoughts on pictures and picture people to this department—your own opinions of films recently seen, performances that were worthy of your applause, or those that could have been better; indeed, whatever is on your mind about Hollywood and its stars. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor Powder is *Light-Proof*. If you use it, your face won't *shine*. We will send you a box FREE to *prove* it.

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light. . . . Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

Seeing is believing

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over *shine* when you use this kind of powder.

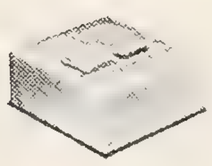
You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run this risk with Luxor. We will *give* you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it.

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance—in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder

Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores. . . . Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip and mail the coupon below.

Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago S. U.-2-38

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

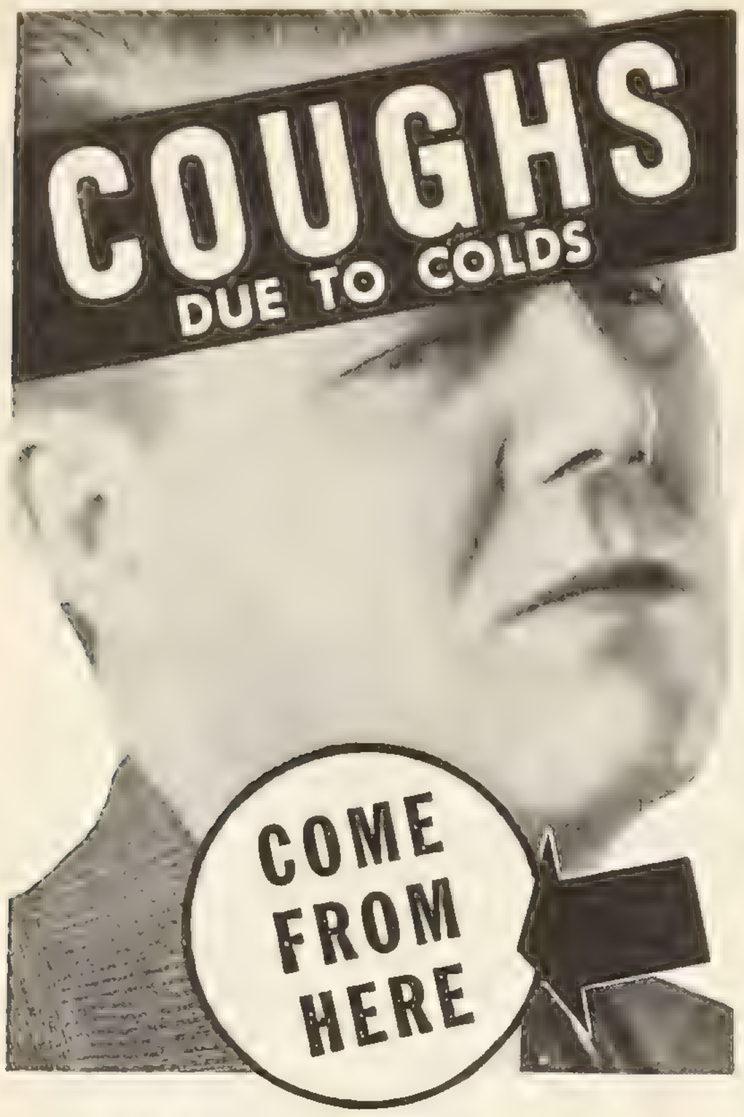
☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel

☐ Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel No. 2

Name _____

St. & No. _____

P. O. _____ *State* _____



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT

CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

If there is anything that common sense dictates, it's this: a cough medicine should do its work *where the cough is lodged*...right in the throat. That's why Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. 60¢.



IMPORTED SIMULATED

DIAMOND RING 15c

To introduce HOLLYWOOD'S Newest ORIZABA Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars) we will send ½ Kt. simulated Brazilian DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD effect ring as illustrated, (looks like $150. gem) for 15c sent postpaid. Money back if not delighted. Agents Wanted. FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.—Dept. SU-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)







Visual education in the art of the love scene, direct from Hollywood, with Ray Milland and Miriam Hopkins teaching by an example that's mighty exciting.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Hibbard M. If I answer all the questions you ask about Claire Trevor it will be a case of "continued in our next"—however, here goes for a few. Born in New York City, March 8; educated in Larchmont public and high schools; also, American Academy of Dramatic Art. On the stage in "Whistling in the Dark," "The Party's Over;" signed a contract with Fox Films in 1933 and has been in pictures ever since. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, blonde hair and brown eyes, weighs 112, loves living in Hollywood, is not married, and her most recent picture is "Big Town Girl."

Nash G. Of course Fredric March is a grand person, and just wait until you see him in "The Buccaneer!" Let's hear from you again and you don't have to address me formally at all—I liked your letter.

A Sincere Fan. Alice Faye was born in New York City; began her career as a Chester Hale dancing girl. Gail Patrick was born in Birmingham, Alabama. She is 5 feet, 7 inches tall and can be addressed at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California. Irene Dunne born in Louisville, Kentucky, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, with dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes.

Constant Reader. Address Fernand Gravet, care Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California. He was born in Belgium. No, Ronald Colman is not married. Jean Hersholt plays the part of *Adolph Kramer* in "Heidi" which is Shirley Temple's current picture.

Duddy G. Yes, some of the stars really do autograph their photographs for their fans. You forgot to tell me what particular star's autograph you wanted, so I can't tell you to which studio to write. Why not write to me again? Always welcome!

Marion C. John King was a radio singer who was brought to California by Ben Bernie with his band from Cincinnati where he had been an air favorite for a long time. He was signed by Universal and first won applause for his rôle in "Three Smart Girls." After appearing in several pictures he was given the lead in "The Road Back." King's latest release is "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." Address him at Universal City, Calif.

M. K. F. The feminine players in "The Last Train From Madrid" were Dorothy Lamour, Karen Morley Helen Mack and Olympe Bradna.

Ann P. Write to Dick Purcell at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California. Yes, Richard Cromwell played in "The Road Back," a Universal picture.

Annette T. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., November 15, 1879. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. His first stage rôle was in a New York play entitled "Side-tracked." He played in several more Broadway productions, and his first work in Los Angeles was as leading man in the old Belasco Theatre, where he became the matinée idol of the West. His first screen rôle was in "Honor's Altar;" since then he has played many outstanding rôles for all of the leading producing companies. Yes, Mr. Stone is happily married.

Leta F. The leading characters in "The King of Kings" were as follows: H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cummings, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, Jacqueline Logan, Ernest Torrence and Rudolph Schildkraut. It was produced in 1927. Sorry, but I can't identify the picture from your brief description. "Sweetie" was released in 1929. Aren't you interested in any of the recent pictures? And such swell ones for you to ask about!

Charlcie Mae. Another cowboy fan! Gene Autry was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1907. Yes, he is married. Before appearing in pictures, he became popular on the radio, in fact his first broadcast was in 1928. Perhaps it would interest you to know that "Ridin' the Range" and "Cow-

boy's Heaven," those good old cowboy songs, were written by him. He entered on his screen career in 1934. Unfortunately, I don't know about the freckles.

Marie. Where Jimmy Stewart came from originally? You mean where he was born? Or did he come to the films from the stage? Well, he was born in Indiana, Pa. Went to Princeton, from there into stock, and now has a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Why not write him that letter you yearn to? Address it to the above mentioned studio at Culver City, California, and be sure to mark it "personal."

Edith L. Ronald Colman is "an extra special favorite" of mine, too! His eyes and hair are dark brown, he weighs 158 pounds, and the name of his first picture is "The White Sister." And are those all the questions you have to ask about your favorite? Of course you saw him in "The Prisoner of Zenda"?

Jane B. Sorry, but you will have to be a trifle more explicit in your description of the player in "The Prince and the Pauper," if I am to help you—Errol Flynn is handsome enough to answer your "rave" and if you write to Warner Bros., Burbank, California, with your request for his photograph, you probably will receive it.

Gwynn. Nelson Eddy is 6 feet tall and weighs 173 pounds. His favorite sports are riding, at which he rates 100 per cent, and tennis. Spencer Tracy's current picture is "Big City" opposite Luise Rainer.

L. H. It has been said of Jack Holt's fans: "Once a Holt fan—always a Holt fan." So here goes for a little information on your old favorite. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, on May 31st, the son of an Episcopalian minister, and the direct descendant of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, and John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England. He rebelled at being a lawyer; an outdoor life lured him. He became a cowpuncher and a stunt rider; was starred in many Western pictures, and right now is as popular as ever. He has two children, a boy and a girl. No, David Holt is not his son. His son's name is John Holt, Jr. (screen name, Tim Holt), and his daughter's name is Elizabeth. His home is in Santa Monica, Cal. Am glad you enjoyed the story on Buck Jones. It would be easy guessing the kind of pictures you like!



Woo, Woo! Rosemary Lane bites; Hugh Herbert's eager to imitate.

J. Bauer. It was Gloria Stuart who was the bandit's sweetheart in "Wanted, Jane Turner," an RKO production. Now here's about her. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, and weighs 118 pounds. She's married to Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer, and is a proud mama.

Mary H. Of course, I'm glad to answer your questions. The address of Jane Withers is 20th Century-Fox Films, Hollywood, California. Deanna Durbin can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Betty J. S. Constance Bennett played the feminine lead in "After Office Hours," and Clark Gable played the male lead. "The Unguarded Hour" was way, way back in 1925; to be exact, it was released in November of that year.

A. S. D. Oh my, but you do make me dig way back into the long ago! Irene Castle's pictures were made by Pathé; short subjects and serials in Universal released "Broadway" in which Evelyn Brent was starred.

West Chester. James Ellison Smith is Jimmie Ellison's real name. He was born in Valier, Montana, the 4th of May. His home is in Hollywood, and he is married to Grace Durkin.

Josephine C. "Ramona" was filmed way back in 1916 by W. H. Clune. In 1928, it was filmed by United Artists, Dolores Del Rio playing the leading rôle. The recent Technicolor production, starring Loretta Young as *Ramona,* by 20th Century-Fox, is one of the outstanding all-color pictures.

Maxine F. New York City is the birthplace of Philip Reed, and he is 29 years old. He was educated in Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, and at Cornell University.

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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Hitting A New High

RKO-Radio



Lily Pons dazzlingly displayed, both in the visual and vocal planes. A bedizined package of farce this is—one to end, perhaps, (we hope), that stuff about the singer who finally gets that opera audition by singing in night clubs or what have you. If you don't *get* its satire it'll seem too silly for fun, but Lily's singing and the corking clowning by Jack Oakie, Eddie Horton, and Eric Blore just can't miss.

Blossoms on Broadway

Paramount



Hollywood goes to the musical revue well again, tries a blend of that old one about getting a wealthy backer for a show with an attempted new twist that fails to click. Result: Songs by Shirley Ross, specialties by Rufe Davis and others, and isolated instances of fine acting, as when Edward Arnold gets a scene to take hold of, are about all you get. Well staged and played, but grade B as entertainment.

Boy of the Streets

Monogram



Jackie Cooper grows up, plays a youthful version of the type associated with Jimmy Cagney, and does a good job of it in a melodrama of the slums. Overemphasis on the squalor of tenement districts and sentiment over the boy's admiration for his father are its fault in common with most such plays, but this one carries your interest right up to the climax and will delight Jackie's fans. It has punch.

Storm in a Teacup

Korda-United Artists



Different and entirely refreshing is this English import about the pother that brews when an Irish widow's dog is impounded for license taxes. You never saw a dog innocently start more amazingly amusing things than this Patsy. Why, it starts a romance, almost wrecks a political career, and puts the Scotch town where it all happens really on the map. Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison head an excellent cast.

Night Club Scandal

Paramount



Murder will out, and it does here, but not until you have had an abundant quota of thrills as John Barrymore, playing the diabolical *Dr. Tindal*, has cunningly planted the crime on the innocent Harvey Stephens. It's rather exciting melodrama with good work by Barrymore, Lynn Overman, Charles Bickford, Evelyn Brent and others to make an unpretentious production register as entirely satisfactory entertainment.

52nd Street

United Artists



Everything to make a good show—but what a story! It's a case of an inane plot getting in the way of a musical revue that might well have justified itself merely from the standpoint of Kenny Baker's singing, Ella Logan, Sid Silvers and Jack White comedy, and characterizations by Leo Carillo and Zasu Pitts. As things stand it is just another musical, gorgeously staged but very spotty as entertainment.

The Barrier

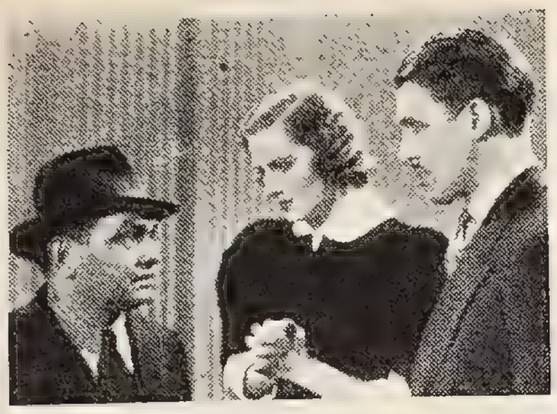
Paramount



One of Rex Beach's best yarns returns to the films and has the benefit of better than most photographic settings as it reveals the rugged Alaskan mining country about which this romance of an Army officer and a supposed half-breed Indian girl concerns itself. In an era of much comedy, something as earnest about itself as this is may be welcomed by you. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Leo Carrillo, fine.

The Last Gangster

M-G-M



Edward G. Robinson starring, so you're sure of a powerful and gripping performance. His play is a bit on the sombre side this time—that of a gangster jailed for a long term and living only to get out and kidnap his son, because he loves the boy, and also for revenge on the wife who married another man. Rose Stradner, new importation, is the wife; registers pleasantly. James Stewart also scores.

Second Honeymoon

20th Century-Fox



Frivolity's fascinations in this case are the people who perform it in a new co-starrer for that top love-team of Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. Stu Erwin, Claire Trevor, J. Edward Bromberg and Lyle Talbot are present, so you see there's real talent here. And if Marjorie Weaver isn't the cutest trick of this and many months, at making a minor part mighty, then you name one! Highly diverting froth.

Look Out for Love

Gaumont-British



Yes, and look out for Anna Neagle—for she is an actress of much allure and many talents. But recently *Queen Victoria*, now she's a London gamin with a talent for dancing that makes her famous after a foreign diplomat finances—very honorably, you understand—her training. With Tullio Carminati as the diplomat who falls in love with her, it's a fine starring combination this entertaining film offers.

Thoroughbreds Don't Cry

M-G-M



The youth, particularly boys, of the land will have a corking time at this show. And adults can find sufficient plot interest to engage them pleasantly throughout the telling of this story about an English boy over with his grandfather and a horse they hope will win a big stake race. Mickey Rooney and Ronald Sinclair are the chief actors, but also pleasingly prominent are Judy Garland, Frankie Darro and others.

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA!



Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Hollywood bachelor girl entertains—a gay, informal visit at Beverly Roberts' charming apartment

By Betty Boone

Now she's a Hollywood heroine. But only three years ago, Beverly Roberts lived in Paris' Latin Quarter—and her new home reflects that gay informality. Left, our hostess. Below, at ease. See the teddy bears?

THE reason Beverly Roberts chose her bachelor apartment is because it reminded her of the Latin Quarter in Paris, where she struggled and starved when she was very, very young. She's almost three years older now, but she doesn't look it!

The apartment is in a tall, narrow house, and consists of a room, bath, and kitchen at the top of a flight of narrow white stairs. There are five windows, each equipped with Venetian blinds but without drapes and curtains.

At one end of the room is a white fireplace, with half-doors at either side leading one to the dressing-room and bath, the other to the kitchen; at the other end is a wide day-bed heaped with cushions, occupied today with a family of gayly colored teddy bears.

"You see," explained my hostess, her brown eyes dancing, "Willie told me he had caught a bear for me while he was up north making 'Robin Hood.' He told me over the telephone and one of the company heard it and sent down the bear family so I could get used to the idea!" (Willie is William Keighley, director, Beverly's fiance.)

Her long blue hostess gown made her look taller, but it added to the impression she gives of a little girl playing at being grown-up. Her hair is soft and fair and curls on her neck. She's *that* pleased that it's growing.

"You can see for yourself that we have no privacy," she pointed out, introducing the occupant of the pint-sized kitchen, whose name is Maudie and who is substantial and dark and sympathetic, with a gleaming smile. "The other night my company was shouting away—everyone seems to yell once they get here, somehow—and we could hear shrieks of mirth from Maudie whenever anything was said that tickled her. Maudie's like that—she weeps when I weep, and shrieks when I shriek!"

We sat down, Beverly in a chintz-covered chair, I in a rust-colored one, the white coffee table between laden with tea and sandwiches.

"But when I serve dinner I use the com-



bination card and dinner table," confided Beverly, "it folds up and I painted it myself and covered it with magazine covers. Am I keen about it! Janet and Margaret Gaynor are coming to dinner tonight. Want to know what we'll have?

"Maudie's special spaghetti, mixed green salad of lettuce, romaine, chicory and watercress, with Golden Rich cheese and coffee for dessert. Poor Maudie's trying to reduce and I ought to gain, so she's putting on weight! I'm her little picked chicken, you know; she's here to take care of me, and she'll do it, or else!

"I wish you'd see her go shopping with me! She went with me to buy my wooden plates—Oh, Maud-ie! Bring Betty one of the wooden plates!—and I had to take what Maudie thought we could afford. The ones I wanted cost fifteen cents more. But it was o.k. Then we bought some darling onion soup pots.—Maudie, the onion pots—*quick!*—Oh, thanks—and now you're here, Maudie, tell Betty how to make—Look, Betty, these are the plates and pots."

Maudie opened her mouth to tell me her culinary secrets, but Beverly broke in, excitedly:

"Wait a minute, let me tell about my onion soup first. When I was in Paris, starving and looking for work, I lived on onion soup. In spite of that, I love it! Listen: you must have some good beef stock. Consommé will do, if you haven't anything else, though. You put in the usual salt, pepper and seasoning. You can use some of the water you've boiled your onions in, if you like. But it's the onions that matter. When you've boiled them, you put them in hot fat—not too much of it—and burn them. That's what gives the different taste to my soup—burning the onions. Have your bread toasted, cut in squares, and spread with yellow cheese (Blue Moon).



Ann Graham, who deserted the stage for a career in pictures.

Pour on the heavenly onion soup and you have a dish fit for a king!"

She laughed and tossed back her curls.

"Oh, yes, I'm a cook, if necessary, although not often. But Maudie is a real cooking genius. Maud-ie! Come and tell her how to make angel food cake. That's her specialty."

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Whites of 15 eggs
1½ Cups Swansdown Cake Flour
1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar
1 teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt

The trick lies in the way the cake is made. Egg whites may be beaten with a wire egg beater, one way, no shifting around. Sift the sugar, cream of tartar and salt together, and sift the flour 4 times. BUT fold in the flour the very last thing of all. Bake it in a very slow oven for one hour. This is important. When it is done, turn it upside down on a pan.

"We like *Eggs Bernay* at this house," said Beverly. "You poach your eggs and serve them with cream sauce and chopped chives. That's all there is to it."

The telephone rang. It had been ringing most of the afternoon, with Maudie answering and subduing the callers.

"Maudie's like that," said Beverly, tapping a silver slipper on the rust-colored rug. "If anyone comes or calls up that she doesn't think I should see or talk to, she shoos them off. 'You don't want to see *him*,' she says, and he just doesn't get in!"

The room was full of flowers, but more arrived as we finished our tea. A box of sweetheart roses.

The telephone rang again. We could hear Maudie in the dressing-room shrieking with mirth.

"That was a gentleman who wanted to know was the *worm* here," she informed us. "He kept asking for the *worm*, and I says we don't have any, and he says he's the worm's pappy, but he must have the wrong number."

"That's the kind of place this is," giggled Beverly. "Crazy things happening all the time!"

Joan Bennett with Henry Fonda in Walter Wanger's success, "I MET MY LOVE AGAIN".



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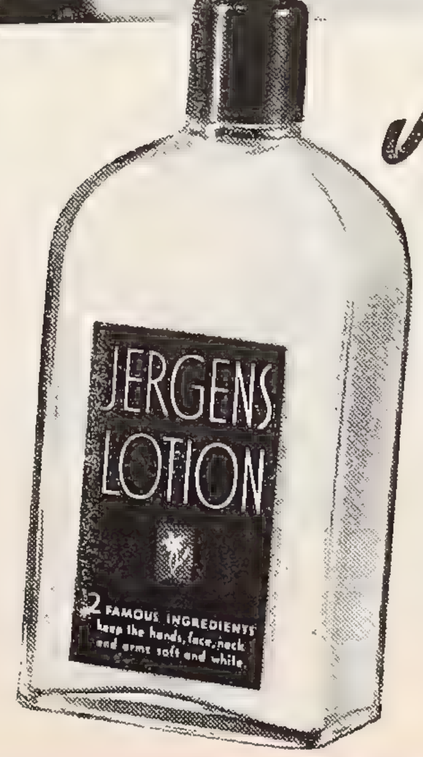


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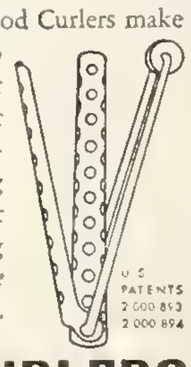


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ELEANOR FISHER...*Paramount Player*



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All eyes—and that's something for a rabbit; but this one lets his ears take care of themselves—because June Lang has made him her special pet.

FLASHES from FILM TOWN

THE current love situation: Gaynor and Power are in full flame, with Stanwyck and Taylor ecstatically reunited for the second chapter of their romance. Lombard and Gable continue to care in their own big way. The other day Carole, who even dons high boots to go duck hunting, had the entire "Food For Scandal" troupe in an uproar. One of those nutty death rumors had mysteriously popped up and it had been reported that Gable was suddenly dead. Rosalind Russell and James Stewart are teaming, but it really isn't a great affair. Eleanor Powell and Wayne Morris likewise date often, but not with a determined glint in their respective eyes. Since Wayne discovered Eleanor, though, he no longer haunts the night clubs. With her he takes long drives and goes to neighborhood movies. His ex-flame, Dixie Dunbar, prefers Kenneth Howell. And so it goes.

ALICE FAYE loves Tony Martin more than ever since she's found out that, at the age of eleven, he almost went to juvenile court because he insisted on tacking up election posters for a man he admired. The police didn't approve of the strategic sites Tony chose. "I think it illustrates his loyalty," Alice sighs. She doesn't mind if he does collect traffic tickets for hurrying. "He can't be perfect!" She wishes she had time to stay home and surprise him with potato pancakes, his pet dish. They contemplate such a delightful happening between "takes" on their current picture together. Anyway, Mr. Zanuck's presented them with a honeymoon tour of Europe and what could be better?

UNA MERKEL is sporting a gold daisy on her charm bracelet. It is a present from Carole Lombard. They did a picture together and were up on location at Lake Arrowhead. Mr. Gable dropped around often, to see Carole, naturally. Una's name in the film was Daisy.

THERE is no connection, but Mary Carlisle has been getting these leads with Bing Crosby since Everett Crosby has been her agent. And now Mary goes places with Everett, who is getting a divorce from his non-professional wife. Bing, by the way, proved his loyalty to his brother Bob in a concrete fashion. When Bob's orchestra played at the Palomar, Hollywood's pet giant dancehall, Bing made several personal appearances and entertained magnificently.

YOU won't be seeing Elizabeth Bergner in an American production and here's why: Hollywood wants her, but not her director husband who has had full charge of her English films. Elizabeth can come on over any time, but she won't work for any other director, and so she'll not be a threat after all. The Bergners' working set-up in London has always astonished the Hollywood girls. 'Liz relies on husband Paul Czinner like Marlene used to depend on Von Sternberg. But Dietrich could function without closed sets, whereas Bergner can't. Or won't. "A nice system if you can get it," mutter the local ladies.

THERE is nothing, vows Henry Fonda, more strange than the long arm of coincidence. (He ought to know, since he and his ex-wife Margaret Sullavan and her husband Leland Hayward are planning to produce plays together.) Henry didn't think of that coincidence, but rather of the one which placed him opposite Bette Davis in a picture. Bette had to remind him. Some years ago, when she was bent on turning actress, she went to the Cape Cod Playhouse to ask for a rôle. They had none for her, so she became an usherette for them. And who do you suppose was starring on those boards in "The Barker"? None other than Henry himself. Bette maintains, however, that she did not swear nightly, "That man's going to be my hero in Hollywood."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

THE HURRICANE

THE EMBRACE of lovers . . . their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise . . . Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition . . . truly a *must-be-seen* picture.





Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast of thousands, including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols.

Released thru United Artists



THE NEW-IDEA MUSICAL FROM HIT-MAKING 20th CENTURY-FOX
...and it's got that New Year ummph!



Walter WINCHELL • Ben BERNIE
SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!
in
LOVE AND HISSES
and LAUGHS AND KISSES! and MUSIC AND MISSES!

BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
DICK BALDWIN
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing" • "One In A Million" • "Thin Ice" • "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven hot-and-hissing songs including GORDON & REVEL'S LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column"



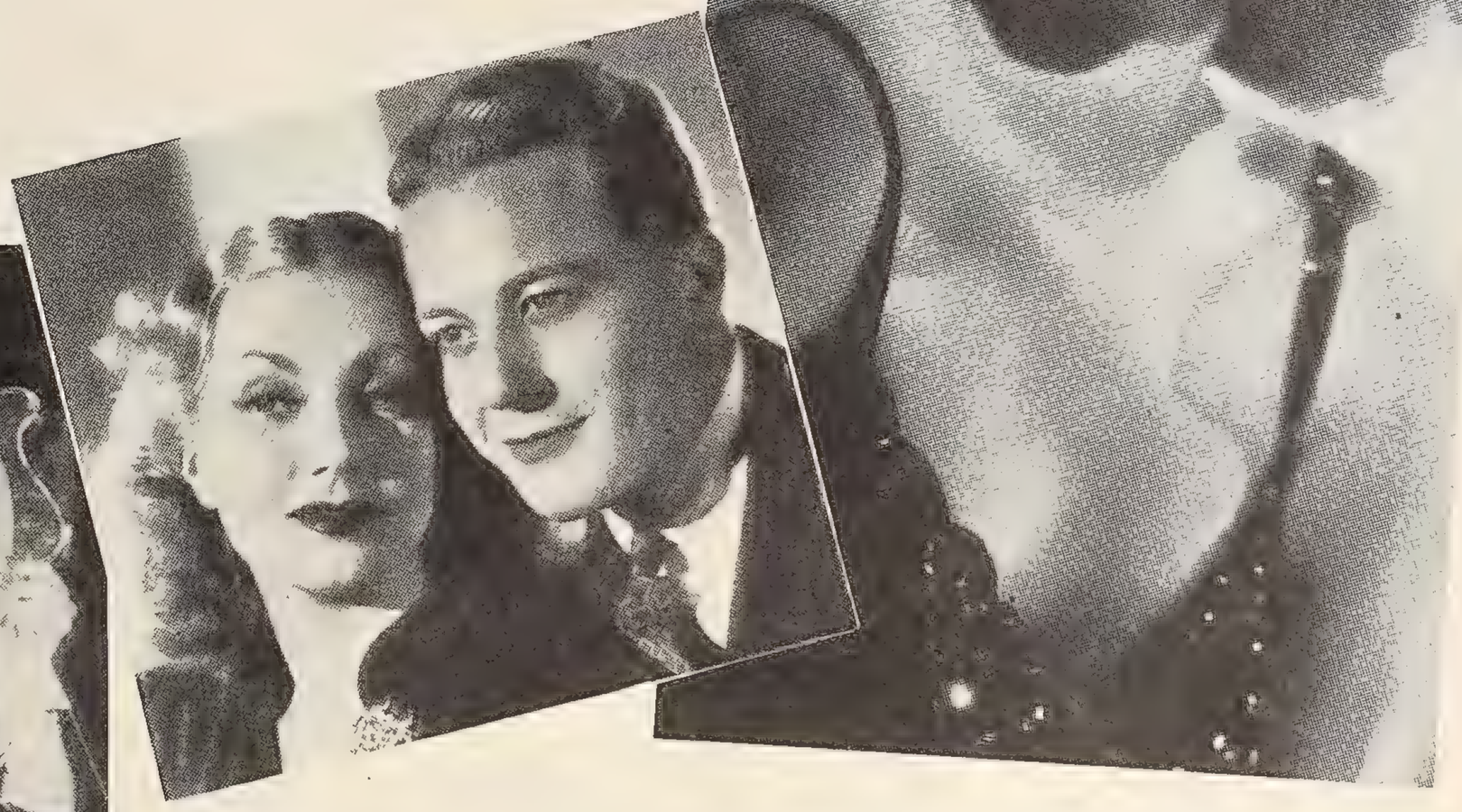
Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!

20th CENTURY FOX

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Ann Sothern

Ann Sothern could be a Glamor Girl if she'd bother—see portrait at right. But she has been relegated to playing opposite Gene Raymond, right below; and she likes to sit and knit, below. What's the answer? Read our Open Letter here.





DEAR ANNIE:

Now that's what's the matter with you. People like me can call you "Annie" and get away with it. This should not be.

You do not look in the least like an "Annie." And yet everybody who knows and likes you calls you that and you take it and like it, too. I wish you wouldn't. I wish you would spend more time looking in your own mirror and trying to realize that you are face to face with a genuine Glamor Girl.

I have a suspicion you don't like Glamor Girls and wouldn't want to be one. But you shouldn't be a Handy Annie, either. You are one of the most gorgeous and scintillating blondes in all Hollywood, but you don't live up to it. What's the latest in your life? Why, you're knitting, in your nice, comfy rocking chair. And you let 'em take pictures of you rockin' in your rockin' chair and knitting away like mad. What a waste. You give out story after story about your long-distance marriage to Roger Pryor, and how you miss each other, and it's all true; and you have home pictures of yourself with a mutt dog—a darned sweet mutt, too—when you are so definitely the wolf-hound type for "pet art." And you have kept on playing Gene Raymond's sweetheart in picture after picture, until Gene, not you, decides to pack up his makeup kit and move to another studio where he can get a job playing some other part for a change. Seems to me Mr. Raymond could do a whole lot worse than playing in pictures opposite you; but no star seems to want to be teamed if he or she can help it; and Mr. Raymond apparently can help it, and is going to.

But what about *you?* Are you content to keep on making more or less indifferent movies and, between scenes, sittin' in your rockin' chair, rockin' and knittin'? No. I can't believe that you are content. I remember you scintillating in that gay picture with Francis Lederer, and I thought: "Ah, at last, Ann Sothern is going places." But the only place you went was back to RKO to make more Gene Raymond pictures. Can it be you are resigned to such a fate—or worse? Think what can happen on that lot. Ginger Rogers can become great-without-Astaire, and Hepburn can come back; but they also make pictures with Milton Berle and Parkyakarkus; and if you're so sweet and amiable, one of these days they may come upon you sittin' and rockin' and knittin' and say, "Aw, come on, Annie—be a good sport and help us out, just this once." Don't let that happen.

Here you are, one of the really original lovelies in Hollywood; with a grand voice both for singing and speaking; and terrific talent, and a sense of humor—but maybe it's that sense of humor that stops you. Maybe you can't be bothered putting on the old act. If so, I honor you; but I wish that just once you would behave like a Glamor Girl, get that One Good Big Rôle, and be a beeg success; then I would be satisfied, you would be set—and you could go right on rockin' and knittin'—but in some corner where the cameraman can't catch you.

Delight Evans

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made movie box-office history beginning with their first film together, "Naughty Marietta"—shown in scene at right. Then they repeated their success with "Rose Marie," at left above on opposite page; and surpassed even their own triumphs with "Maytime." Their next film together will be "The Girl of the Golden West." Now read our timely exclusive story.



What's behind the MacDonald-Eddy "Feud"?



IT SEEMS I have been playing Rip Van Winkle again. I came to with a start the other day and discovered that for months now one of the biggest feuds in history has been raging right under my nose, and me much too interested in my little gnomes to realize it. I suppose, however, that it is true that "the family" is always "the last to know." It is always the wife who is the last to know about "the other woman," and the mother who is the last to know about Junior's drinking. So I suppose it is only holding with the tradition that we in Hollywood should be the last to know what everybody else in America seems to know already: namely, that two of the more illustrious members of our big happy family, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, are feuding like mad. I was a little miffed to have to find out about it from Canada, Colorado, Indiana and Texas. Are the manicurists in the Hollywood beauty shoppes slipping?

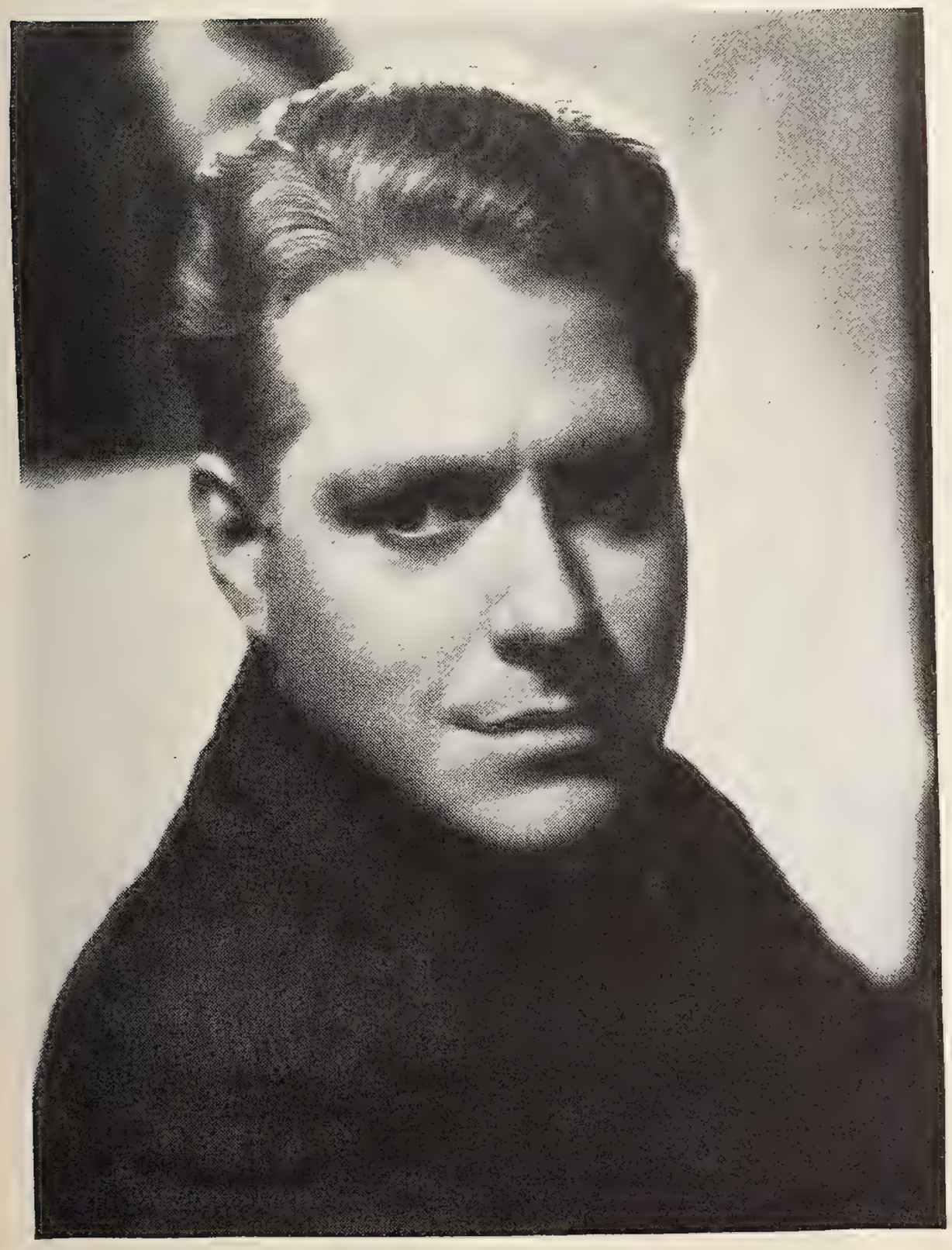
Judging from the letters written by the MacDonald-Eddy fans—who don't seem to be particularly inhibited—the feud has been going on ever since "Naughty Marietta," but it didn't become a real good conflagration until after "Maytime." In which picture, according to an Eddy fan who evidently went equipped with a stop-watch, Nelson only had nineteen minutes on the screen! A MacDonald fan intimated that that just might happen to be nineteen minutes too much! (What a chump I must have been sitting there enjoying that picture without timing anybody.) Another fan writes, "I'm afraid I'm not converted into a MacDonald fan even with 'Maytime.' I admit she has a lovely voice, acting





The real truth about the rumors surrounding the screen's greatest singing team

By Elizabeth Wilson

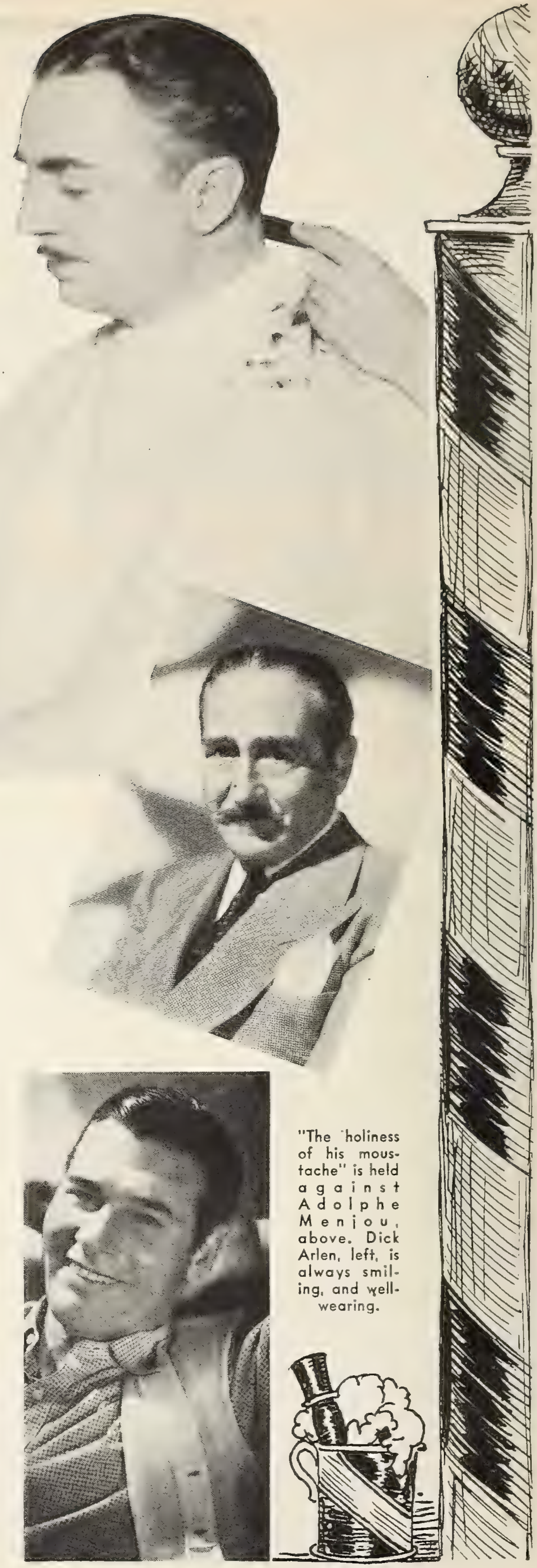


ability, and she is beautiful, but why did she try to steal so many scenes?" Another writes, "I agree that Jeanette MacDonald has a lovely voice, she is pretty and her acting is fine, but just where would she be if it were not for Nelson Eddy? The box-office records show that she was not quite so successful in pictures before she was co-starred with him. It took him to bring her to the top and yet he is continually given the back seat. Singers who are any singers at all know that without the accompanying music their singing wouldn't be so beautiful. So it is with her and Nelson Eddy as the accompanying singer." Another writes, "Why all the fuss over Nelson Eddy? Jeanette was a great singing star long before he was ever heard of in pictures. If she hadn't been so generous and considerate of him in his first picture—and everybody knows he couldn't act—his career in movies might not have been quite so brilliant."

"I hope 'Rosalie' will be such a personal triumph for Nelson," writes an Eddy enthusiast, "that he can demand, and get, his just deserts in the next Eddy-MacDonald film. M-G-M may be a woman's studio, but MacDonald can't carry a picture without Eddy. Her voice is shrill and squeaky and her false teeth just ruin the scenery for me unless a much handsomer man than the calf-faced Jones, and one with a glorious, real voice like Eddy's, is in the offing to back her up. Thank you." And thank *you,* ma'am, but don't you think you're being a bit nasty? Miss MacDonald's teeth are not false, and Mr. Jones in no way resembles a calf. And you ought to go right upstairs and wash your mouth out with soap and water.

Still another fan writes, "People who say the rumors of the Eddy-MacDonald feud are cheap talk are misinformed. Don't they know that Nelson and Allan Jones both went to Jeanette's wedding-circus at the studio's command? It's all true that MacDonald caused numerous delays on the 'Maytime' set because she was determined to occupy as much footage as possible. She is hurting herself just like Grace Moore did by being a camera-hog." Fine talk! Well, I suppose it is human nature that people should enjoy a good feud; me, I love 'em, and it is only natural to want to "take sides." It's no fun being namby-pamby in this world about anything, and particularly not about (*Please turn to page 86*)

Once Over Lightly



"Fussiest patron" is William Powell, precise and demanding in the matter of the welfare of his hair and moustache—but always likeable.



IT ISN'T a Trocadero, or a Clover Club, a Cinegrill, a Victor Hugo's or a Brown Derby; it's no Swing Club, Hawaiian Paradise, or South Seas; it's much smaller than the Roosevelt lobby, less pretentious than the Cocoanut Grove, and older than the Paramount Studios. But Hollywood "bigs" have gathered there since the thought that celluloid might be used for something besides combs and toothbrushes was first generated.

Springing from the shop that once was his father's, Bill Ring's Barber Shop on Bronson Avenue is a four-chaired salon where Doug once courted Mary, where Valentino trysted slyly with Vilma Banky, where Clara Bow escorted Rex Bell to see that his tonsorial operations were performed to her liking, and so on and so on; but more important, it can be said with little chance of contradiction that more million-dollar heads are being groomed, more two-million dollar faces shaved, and more famous moustaches cared for today at Bill Ring's than in any other single room in the country.

But let's get a look at some of these big guys in the chair.

"The customers I think I could count on if all the others decided to let their hair grow," says Bill, "are Dick Arlen, Stuart Erwin, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, and Joe Penner.

"I think any one of these boys is as much a fixture here as the barber-chairs or the mirrors on the wall," he told me with feeling.

When Oakie is working at Paramount (nearby) he busts into Bill's nearly every day.

"Give me the woiks," is Jack's standing daily order.

"By this we know he means a shave, facial, shampoo, manicure, and shine," interpreted Bill. "Jack doesn't care what he does with his money. Just a big, happy, good-natured guy, spending it as it comes. The fact that he

"The holiness of his moustache" is held against Adolphe Menjou, above. Dick Arlen, left, is always smiling, and well-wearing.

Barber-shop manners, as practiced by some of Hollywood's more luminous males, amusingly revealed

By
Barry English



Title of "most fidgety customer" is conferred upon Fred MacMurray, shown here as he submits more or less patiently to the barber's ministrations.

"Just a big, happy, good-natured guy" is Jack Oakie, above. Joe Penner, right, is prize sucker for gadgets—no sales resistance.

has bought some twenty different brands of trick razors from me doesn't seem to have interested him as yet in shaving himself. 'They only make it for one thing,' says Jack in regard to gold, 'and that's what I'm doing with it.'

"After a stretch of good behavior," Bill continued, "coming in every day regularly for a week or so, Oakie suddenly becomes barber-shop enemy No. 1, and then we have to watch him. He simply forgets, or neglects to come in. Two or three days later he appears in the doorway, a sheepish grin on his face, sporting a stubble that might well be used for scouring out pots and pans, and my barbers make for shelter. Running about even with Pat O'Brien, Jack has probably ruined more of our razors than any dozen and a half ordinary customers."

In the chair, Jack again vies for top honors in the competition for title of barbers' chief nemesis. Always talking, laughing at Oakie jokes, or twisting his head to make sure he has an audience, Jack is one of the most difficult of clients to work on. "But don't you think this place wouldn't suffer if Jack stopped coming in here," said Bill in a glow of conviction. "I really should be paying Oakie.

"Bing Crosby is probably our most informal customer, and the most easily satisfied. His tonsorial wants are few. 'Just give me a hair-cut—plain,' is Bing's customary request. And he never tries to tell the boys how to do it."

Unaffected and alien to forms of vanity, Bing is almost entirely oblivious to matters concerning his personal appearance. He feels that he can generally shave himself and wash his own face, he dislikes a high polish on his shoes, and when asked if he would like a manicure



Bing, before and after shaving! Crosby is the barber's most informal customer, and the most easily satisfied. He's alien to affectation or vanity.

he usually responds in a polite negative. The last time he was solicited for a manicure his reply, typically Crosbian, was this: "If you doctored up my nails, how do you think my friends would identify me in case of an accident?" This he pursued with the remark, "And I'd probably bite them off, anyhow, the minute I got outside."

According to Tony, the barber who does most of Crosby's work, Bing relaxes in the chair and is comparatively easy to work on. He is ordinarily quiet during the operations, and quite often will doze off to sleep. "When questioned about one of his various hobbies or enterprises, though," says Tony, "Bing waxes immediately falkative and takes his place as one of our ace 'anecdoters.' His stories about golf, horse racing, and boxing have the added flavor, as contrasted with the usual yarns heard in here, of being based on knowledge and experience in the fields under discussion."

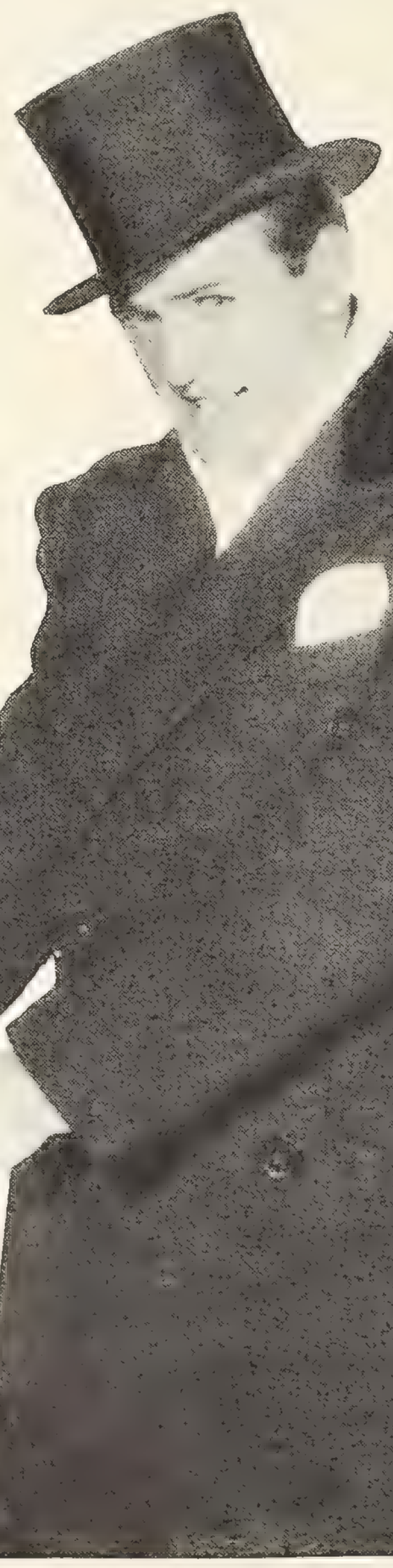
Of Hollywood's more serious males, Gary Cooper is probably Bill's most dependable customer. He has been coming to the Ring establishment for nearly ten years and has had the same barber, Harry, do his work for eight out of the ten. Even when he is too busy to come to the shop, Gary's loyalty continues and he calls Harry to his studio dressing-room, whether it be on the adjacent Paramount lot or a lot in some remote section of town.

"In the chair," says Harry, "Gary is one of the quietest, most unobtrusive persons I have ever worked on. He rarely speaks unless he is spoken to, he answers questions generally in monosyllables, and yet he is most polite, pleasant, and on occasions comes out with a witty remark that shows him to have a truly deep and keen sense of humor."

Gary is a member of the Bill Ring group known in the inner circle as a "newspaper reader." Along with Melvyn Douglas, Director Frank Lloyd, and Producers Lubitsch and Schulberg, he spends the greater part of his time during a tonsorial session enveloped in the world events. "And half the time," says Harry, "no one except me knows that he's in the shop."

Says Gary, regarding the whole thing: "I believe that to most actors, and especially to those who, like myself, play a large number of historical character rôles, the barber-shop is like the golfer's nineteenth hole, or the oasis in the desert to the weary traveler. With the rôles assigned to me in such plays as 'The Plainsman,' 'Souls At Sea' and 'Marco Polo,' it has been necessary for me to go weeks on end without a haircut, and for days without shaving. You can believe me it's a relief when the final scene is shot and I can dash over to Bill's and have the whole business taken off.

(*Please turn to page 74*)





Gary Cooper, "most dependable patron," as he looks just before embarking upon a formal evening, tonsorially and sartorially perfect. Far right, the face you can't mistake, even when covered with lather in the barber's chair—yes, Bill Fields'!

In FAST Company

Youth serves itself! The story behind the success of newcomers who leaped to fame playing with the screen greats

By Liza



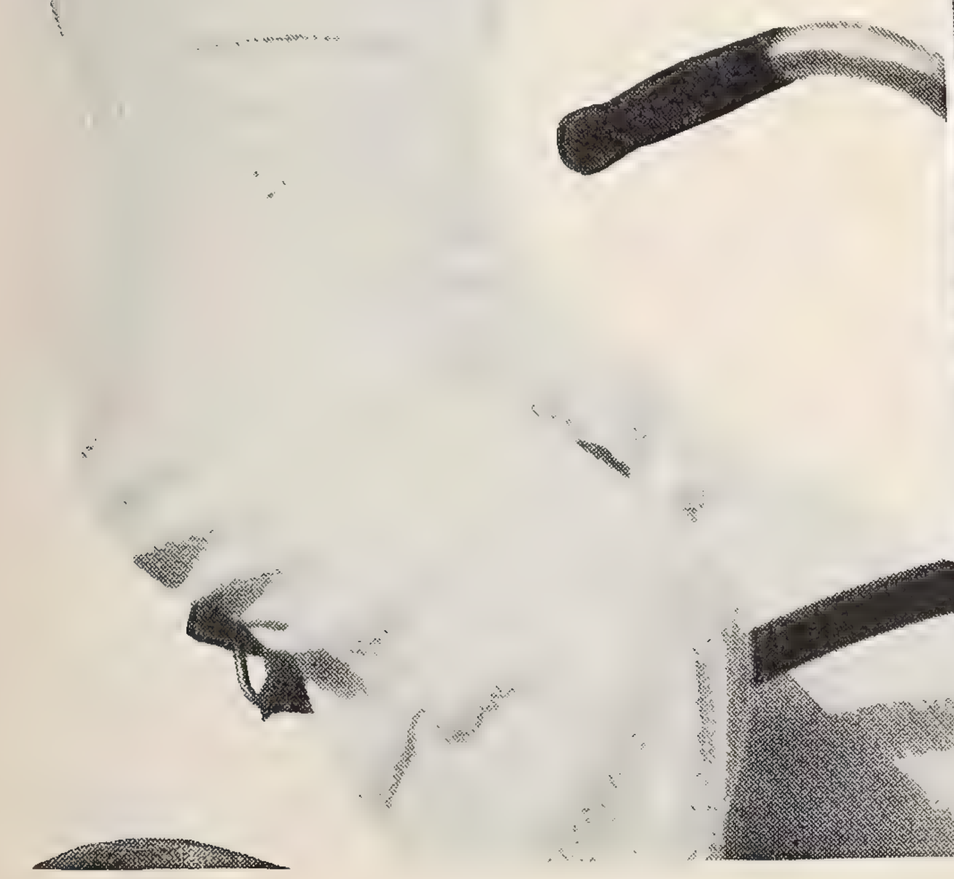






Dorothy Lamour, signed by her studio for "B" pictures, soon was playing opposite of the best of the stars. With W. C. Fields in "Big Broadcast of 1938," top center. Dorothy herself, right and above. Andrea Leeds made good in a big way. Below, with Adolphe Menjou in "Goldwyn Follies;" left, keeping fit; and with McCarthy and Bergen, upper left.





IT IS all pretty swell how the young kids of Hollywood are stepping into line with the experienced players. I have nothing but the greatest admiration for them. Just imagine being asked to dance on the screen with Fred Astaire, or exchange peppy patter with Pat O'Brien, or co-star with the superb technician, Brian Aherne, or go completely mad in a bit of gooferie with that foremost comedian, W. C. Fields! Why, the very thought of it would scare the living daylights out of most young people with acting ambitions. But Joan Fontaine did it. Wayne Morris did it. Olivia de Havilland did it. Dorothy Lamour did it. They held their own and not once did they look silly. Those kids, all of them depressingly young and with prac-



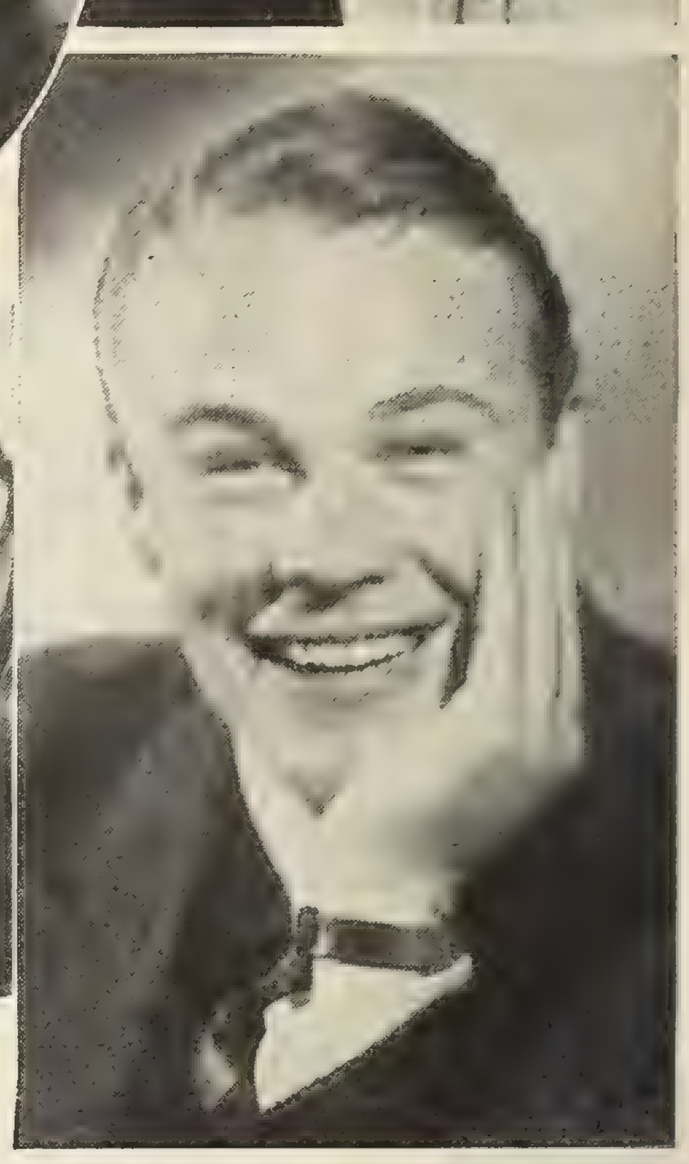




Olivia de Havilland takes and makes good in rôles that would scare many experienced actresses. Right with Leslie Howard; left, with Errol Flynn; below, smiling confidently. Wayne Morris, right center below, put punch in his first picture; played next with Pat O'Brien and George Brent.

tically no experience, stepped right in and started pitching like troupers. (Several of the more famous glamor girls took a good look at Olivia in "The Great Garrick" and decided then and there that the time had come for them to retire.) So let's give a loud lusty cheer for the kids who have proved that they can take it, these juniors who are destined to become the stars of tomorrow.





Besides Olivia and Joan and Wayne and Dorothy we have Andrea Leeds, who stirred you so deeply as she climbed up the stairs in "Stage Door." Andrea held her own with those two professionals Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers and well nigh stole the picture right from under them. Andrea is from Butte, Montana, by way of the Chicago Conservatory, and according to the famous director Ernst Lubitsch she will eventually become one of the greatest dramatic stars on the screen. Her resemblance to Katharine Cornell is remarkable. Andrea, a college girl who has learned to use her head, feels that she can hope to hold her own with the big stars on the screen only in so far as the script is suitable to her talents. After she was well received by the press in "Come and Get It" Mr. Goldwyn, to whom she is under contract, assigned her to the heavy part in "Woman Chases Man"—the rôle that was finally played by Leona Maricle. Andrea read the script and then called on Mr. Goldwyn in his office and promptly informed him that she would not play the part. "It isn't the kind of thing I can do," she said, "I would be utterly absurd in it." Mr. Goldwyn stormed. "I've heard many things in my life," he roared, "but I never thought I would hear a beginner tell *me* how to cast her." He promptly suspended her and took her off salary. It looked as if Miss Andrea Leeds' career would close practically before it was started. But she held her own against Goldwyn, and finally the thought that a young twit of a girl had defied *him,* the Great Goldwyn, amused him so that he forgave her and loaned her to RKO for a part in "Stage Door"—the part that made her famous over-night. She is working now in the "Goldwyn Follies." Andrea knows exactly what she is doing. She refuses to play the social angle or the publicity racket in Hollywood—none of that "easiest way" for her—but she'll be a star before



Joan Fontaine, duplicating her sister Olivia de Havilland's amazing accomplishments, played opposite operatic star Martini, then was asked to dance with Fred Astaire. Joan affects a sophisticated mood, right.







Marjorie Weaver was all ready to pack for her home in Tennessee when they offered her a part in "Second Honeymoon" with such polished players as Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Marjorie took it, made it a hit, and now she's on top. Right, with Tyrone; close-up below, and in a revealing study, center below. Isn't she a honey?







you can say Jack Robinson.

"The hardest time I had holding my own with experienced players," says Andrea, "was in the test I took for 'Come and Get It.' I had to spend the entire day being kissed before the camera by Frank Shields, John Howard Payne, and Charles Lowery. I counted back at the end of the day and discovered that I had been kissed 365 times. My lips were practically worn off—I tell you those young men were very experienced kissers."

And there's Marjorie Weaver, the little gal from Tennessee, who, broke and discouraged, was all packed ready to go back home when Director Walter Lang decided to give her a crack at the southern girl part in "Second Honeymoon." Mr. Lang had tested several young actresses for the part but the practically unknown Marjorie Weaver seemed to him the best bet. Old-timers Loretta Young and Tyrone Power—well, old in experience at least,

(*Please turn to page 89*)



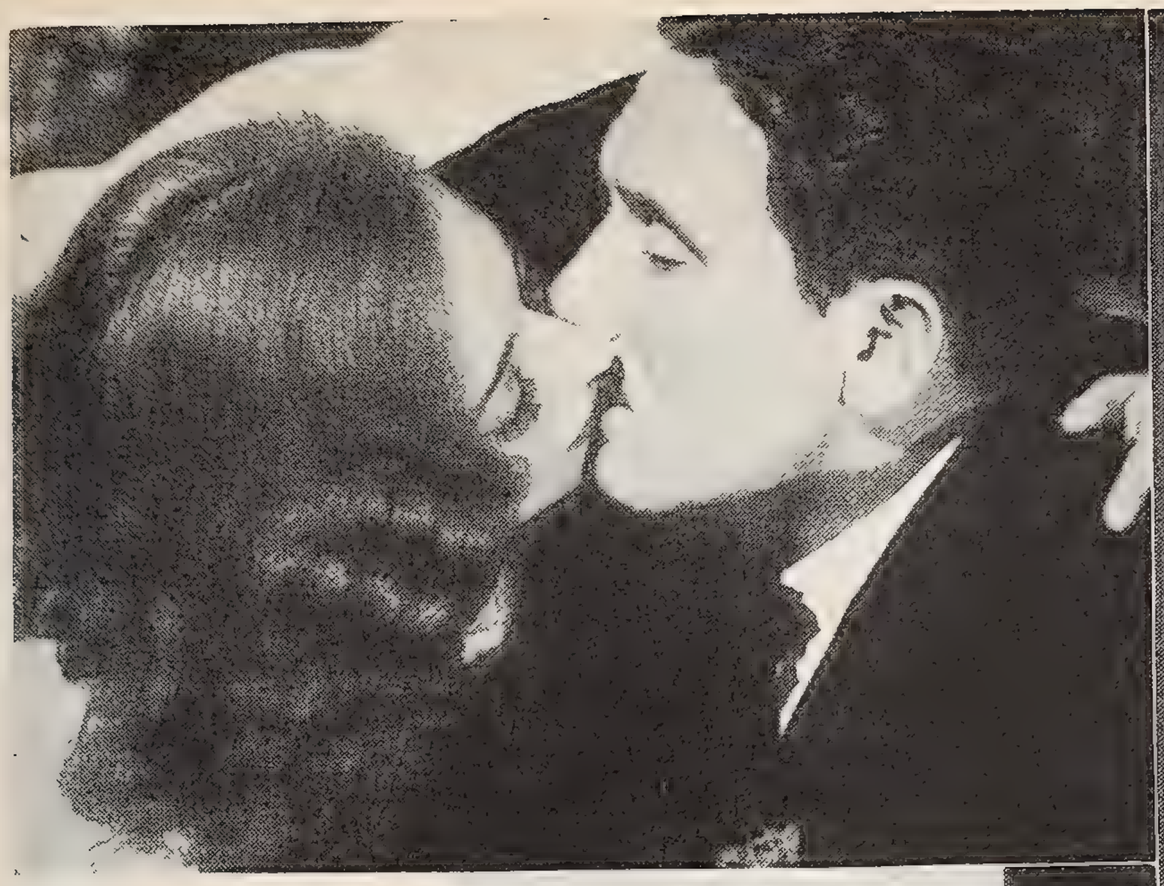
How Crawford Keeps Glamorous

Because she never stops living, never stops loving! Read the most colorful of all Joan Crawford close-ups here

By Jerry Asher

NOT so long ago my good friend Joan Crawford asked me to meet her in the studio commissary for lunch. That in itself was an event because Joan almost always eats in her dressing-room, where she can apply a completely fresh make-up for the afternoon's work. But there was no afternoon's work on this particular day. Joan had just completed her rôle in "Mannequin." To feel free and to be able to look back on any completed job is always a joy in Joan's life. So in a way, our date was sort of a celebration. Joan could relax and lunch in leisure. We were to meet "sharply at twelve."







Crawford, perennial Glamor Queen of the screen, and how she does it! Far left, on opposite page, latest in her long series of Glamor portraits. Lower left opposite, with her new screen lover, Alan Curtis, in "Mannequin." Surprise! Crawford poses for "leg" still for scene in her new film — far right. Above, a Crawford kiss with Spencer Tracy as the lucky man, in "Mannequin." Right, a fashion-wise close-up.



Determined to be ahead of Joan just once in my life, I arrived early. At the table next to me were a group of visitors who almost stared themselves into a stupor. It was easy to guess that this was their first time in a studio. And they were not to be robbed of one tiny curious moment. The doors swung open and in walked Joan. There was no unusual sound or unmistakable sign to herald her arrival. But the entire assemblage stopped, turned, and made mental note of Joan's progress toward my table. Studio stenographers looked and almost automatically reached into handbags for compacts or mirrors. The men in the room seemed to straighten back in their chairs, tuck in stray cuffs, readjust ties.

Our friends at the next table stared at Joan with open admiration. They took in her smart black crepe street dress, her Russian-looking hat with its peasant embroidery, her silver fox coat (with shoulders just a little wider than anyone else's shoulders), her black velvet gloves, her stunning backless laced pumps, her black velvet bag, the star sapphire clip at her throat. They noted the clearness of Joan's skin. The perfect roll of her page boy bob. They stared and they stared. Just before Joan reached my side, I heard one of the visitors say: "There's one thing about Joan Crawford. She certainly does give you your money's worth. She's everything one expects an actress to be."

Truer words could never have been said at that moment. Joan *is* everything one expects an actress to be—because Joan sincerely loves (*Please turn to page 72*)

The Confessions of a

"I'VE a proposition to make you," said the writer to whom I had just been assigned. "Do you play checkers?"

"Not if I can help it," I said, and mentally cursed my luck.

Most writers' secretaries in Hollywood take for granted what is sometimes called genius, but there are several better names for it. I wondered how I could get out of the assignment.

"Playing checkers helps me to think," continued my new Nemesis. "To make the game interesting I propose to give you a fifty-dollar stake, the two of us to play for five dollars a game until the day my six-month contract expires, when the loser will pay off."

"At five dollars a game it won't take me long to lose the fifty dollars," I said. "What happens then?"

"If you're clever you can make more than the fifty dollars," said the writer.

Though I had never done much checker playing I did have a high opinion of my cleverness. I agreed to the proposal, determined to win as much as I could. I read books on checker playing, analyzed the checker problems given daily in the newspapers, and spent my free evenings at a checker club where I kibitzed at games played by experts.

After six months of playing, sometimes starting at nine in the morning, with no break for lunch, for a solid eight hours a day, weeks at a stretch, I retained forty of the original fifty-dollar stake. I know now how Judas felt when he collected his thirty pieces.

How does one get to be a valkyrie in this checker-playing Valhalla? Specifically and naïvely, I, a young girl with some newspaper and magazine experience, four years ago left the Middle-West for Hollywood to become a scenarist. I became and continued to be a Writer's Secretary.

Our drawing gives you a satirical slant on, of all things, a Hollywood story conference. You'll read all about it in this grand, gay story. Left, Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard in a scene from a film with an amusing story behind it. At lower left, Thyra Samter Winslow, one of the better screen writers.



Illustrated by Lloyd Wright

Hollywood Secretary

Discovered: a new slant on the inner workings of fantastic filmdom, by a sparkling new writer who knows her Hollywood as few know it. You'll be amazed and amused—don't miss this!

By Kathleen King Flynn

The first time I tried, my second day in Hollywood, on the thirteenth of the month, through no pulling of strings—for I knew no one—I got a job. Sadly, it was not a Friday, but it was as simple as that.

The studio was Twentieth Century. (This was before Darryl Zanuck went on his biggest hunt and caught the Fox.) I had read in one of the gossip columns something about the quarrel Zanuck had had with Jack Warner and that his newly organized firm on the United Artists' lot boded well to prosper. I called, asked for an interview, obtained one, and though I admitted not knowing a thing about script form and terminology, with several other girls was put to work on a temporary basis for a rush job, to start at nine the next morning.

At the requested time we assembled in a large room with desks lined up on either side. The immediate concern of the department "Madame" was not advice or instruction, but "Have you all an ash tray?"

Shortly after Nunnally Johnson's script came in and all the typewriters were roaring, two messenger boys arrived each carrying a stack of bound scripts. An error had to be corrected. This meant every copy had to be dismantled, the page removed, restencilled, renimeographed and rebound. All because George Arliss, who was to appear in the picture and who was supervising the script, did not want one word of business to read "'red' rose in buttonhole," but "'pink' rose in buttonhole." And the picture was not in technicolor. Somehow or other, with the unbound scripts lying

(*Please turn to page 95*)



At right, Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, noted Hollywood writing team. You'll relish reading about them and other "big name" story creators. At lower right, the brilliant Nunnally Johnson, who started as a writer and is now an associate producer, one of the best in Hollywood.







Webster defines "Hurricane" as "Violent whirlwind." That describes Jon Hall's effect upon the ladies in his movie audiences who discovered him in a big way in Samuel Goldwyn's breathtaking picture. Right here, Jon Hall himself. Left above, in action; below, as he appears in his next film.

"Hurricane" Hall

New whirlwind hero has personal history as romantic as he looks! Read all about Jon Hall here

By Adelheid Kaufmann

JON HALL, the incredibly handsome young man in "The Hurricane," has an unpronouncable name his Tahitian friends gave him: "Terutevaegiai."

"It means 'young white god on heaven's highest shelf'—that's me," he said, and laughed.

"I'm almost ready to admit it's true at this point. If I'm not on heaven's highest shelf I'm darned near it: one day no job, the next day I'm given the lead in 'Hurricane.' Think of that for a break! And 'Hurricane' of all pictures! What luck! I was born in the South Seas. I learned to swim around coral reefs almost before I could walk. All the magic and beauty of the islands, the native songs, the superstitions, I knew by heart when most kids are reading 'Huckleberry Finn.'"

"My grandmother was born in France but lived and died in Tahiti. She was a wonderful person," Jon smiled apologetically for his enthusiasm. The natives called her 'Lovina.' Men like Frederick O'Brien, who wrote 'White Shadows of the South Seas,' and Somerset Maugham knew and loved my grandmother. They put her in some of their stories. When she died, she was mourned by everyone—English, French, and Tahitians. My granddad was Captain Chapman. He was the first New Englander to establish tin and lumber trade between Tahiti and America. A real pioneering sort, the Captain—"

Before I go any further in letting you in on all the things this amazing young man told me I've got to make a confession. Sometimes I forgot to listen; I just looked at Jon and marveled. He's a young god whether he admits it or not. He's tall and lithe and stunning. He's unspoiled and clear-cut. He has the rare quality of making friends the world over. In the islands he played around with the natives, beating them at their own games—even winning the swimming and diving championship of all Tahiti. In London he was a friend of the former Prince of Wales and the rest of the glittering Mayfair crowd. On the French Riviera Jon was adored by the gay international set (*Please turn to page 94*)

Powell Pools His Interests







Looks nice and easy, doesn't it? Just loafing around with a charming new girl, on the edge of a lily pool, and maybe singing a new song—so Powell calls that work, eh? Well, yes, he does, as a matter of fact. The pool scene for "Hollywood Hotel"—which occurs when Dick and Rosemary Lane retreat to a garden to rest their feet after dancing—took two hours to film after a half day of rehearsals. Dick is discovered, above, between "takes." Center below, the actual filming of the scene. Far left, as he looks in other scenes, at ease.



A pretty girl, a garden pool —and Dick Powell, getting his feet wet for art



The Men In Her (Movie) Life

Lovely Lombard is most in demand to be made love to by Hollywood's prize actors

Hurrell

Lazarnick

"Ooh, la la!" Fernand Gravet, left, might be saying as he contemplates his easy screen job of loving Lombard—if M. Gravet did not speak such flawless Oxford English. But whether accented or not as his rôles require, the irresistible import meets the amazing American in Mervyn LeRoy's "Food for Scandal," and the result is—cinema fireworks. Below, Fredric March seems pleasantly melancholy as he doubtless remembers working with Carole in "Nothing Sacred." MacMurray Misses Lombard! Anyway, Fred broods as he sun-bathes on the home lot, Paramount, waiting for Carole to complete her Gravet chore and, forgiven, come home to make another "True Confession."

Richee

GINGER





"Stage Door" proved she could do it. No Astaire, but a great personal triumph for Ginger Rogers. Now in her new picture, adapted from the stage play by Arthur Kober, Ginger reveals again her streamlined talents in the tragi-comic part of a little working girl on her grand and glorious summer vacation. You see, on these two pages, Ginger playing at work and working at play. Above, shooting a scene of Ginger in the "Kamp Kare-Free" bus. In other shots, she shoots, plays tennis, rides horseback, plays ping-pong, canoes, golfs. At upper right on page opposite, getting ready for a scene with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

By Herself





John Miehle

She needs no dancing partner. She doesn't have to dance at all. She's a dazzling star in her own right, so it's no wonder that we, and you, and Ginger herself, are now "Having Wonderful Time"

SILLY SEQUENCES









Mabel Todd, left, speaking: "Hi, folks! I've made it, the old top of the ladder itself. Nice view up here. Hope I can reciprocate, if you know what I mean, and I think you will if I make a turn about for fair play. Gosh, it looks so nice down there I wonder why I came up in the first place."





Victor Moore, above, to Ann Sothern: "Fair lady, I can trip the light fantastic on a Big Apple, or even a little core, if it but please you." Ann: "Sweet of you, Victor. Maybe you're no Fred Astaire, but your heart, if not your step, is in the right place."

Robert Benchley tells "How to be a Fireman," left. "Columnists peep at key holes, but firemen must put their ear to anything that even looks like a phone receiver—it may be an alarm coming over the wire or through the hose. Drive, don't walk to danger."

It's the irrational thing to do—but let's skip that and watch star comics go to town for laughs











Encore, and more of it. Above, Ann and Victor. Vic: "Stomping comes natural. Back home we did it to keep the tootsies warm in zero weather." Ann: "I don't know what the audience thinks about your grace, but you're game. Now, a final fling at swing."



W. C. Fields, right: "I have a beautiful little story for you, my radio audience. Oh! If you'll pardon the interruption, there's more beauty here at my side. Name's Shirley Ross. Lovely girl. Sings, too. But she gets in my hair now and then—the sweet."

More pages from Charlie Butterworth's "Dear Diary," right. "Decided to take a spin with Coryphee, that's the name I've given my new 1908 town car. There was a little misunderstanding when I turned the crank one way and Coryphee's engine turned the other way. But we smoothed things out, and were off, whizzing like the wind."

Battle of the Babies

Shirley for sweetness, or Jane for ginger?





Most of the movie-going world lov
little Temple—see all box-office repor
Here she is in her latest film, "Rebec
of Sunnybrook Farm"—not precisely t
same "Rebecca" of the well-loved boo
but with 1938 trimmings. The new editi
sings over the radio and plays Cupid
Gloria Stuart and Randy Scott, abo
as well as carrying out the bucolic
and conditions of the plot.





The world also wants Jane Withers. She's new Number Six star in recent popularity poll. The clever little hoyden scores again in "Checkers." At right, a nice portrait, complete with pet. At right above, not so pretty, but typical. Below, just Jane.



Spice on Ice

Salute to Sonja, goddess of glacial grace. May she always have a "Happy Landing"





The paradox of the motion picture hit parade is Sonja Henie, amazing little Norwegian who came to Hollywood to skate and remained to conquer as an important screen personality. Studio boss Darryl Zanuck says Sonja can be great even without her skates. Do you agree? In her new picture, "Happy Landing," she sticks to skating but contributes a characterization of warmth and charm as well. The two scenes show her, at left, embraced by Don Ameche; and, at left above, with Jean Hersholt and Cesar Romero.





A Star Test for "Jezebel"

Schuyler Crail

Yes, even the star—Bette Davis, here—must make tests for clothes and make-up before a single scene is shot for a new picture





You may have thought that only unknowns are required to submit to the exacting "test"—but stars must spend days trying out makeup, coiffure, and clothes before any new film can start. Here, Bette Davis reveals the interesting and little-known job of preparation for a new picture. Left, she stands while Orry Kelly, Warner designer, inspects her from every angle to make sure her costume is becoming and correct. Below, a fitting—even the director, William Wyler, at left, must be in on this, for camera angles. Center, below, another costume—note the blackboard at Bette's side. Center left, Bette rests a moment at her dressing table on the set. From a test like this, the star, director, and technical staff are able to proceed to the actual business of making the picture. It's a Civil War drama, with Bette as a sort of *Scarlett O'Hara*—which reminds us: whatever became of "Gone with the Wind"?

Cary Grant: $250,000 A Picture?





That's a Hollywood rumor which may come close to fact. Rumor: Cary Grant gets somewhere in the neighborhood of that sum for every picture that he makes, and it's a very nice neighborhood. Fact: Cary Grant is currently most-in-demand free-lance young leading man in films. "Topper" helped. "The Awful Truth" added. And now Cary is clowning with Hepburn



Emmett Schoenbaum



"Bringing Up Baby" is one more in Hollywood's cycle of charmingly crazy films. Cary Grant, as you see at right, even dons a frothy negligée to help the fun along, to the dismay of May Robson and Geraldine Hall. Center above, Kate and Cary, so-o-o whimsical. Top right, a tender scene—for a change.

Clark Gable, America's most forthright male star, is admired by women and respected by men because of his genuine geniality, his un-actorish vitality. Just before starting work in "Test Pilot," his new film, Clark vacationed on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where his five-gaited horse, Sonny, took Clark on a daily canter over the Southern California hills. Here are pictures to prove it. At left below, Gable with a quartet of beautiful Palomino pals.





Gable or Taylor?





"A little of both, please!"







Take Taylor—and millions of worshipping young women will. Greatest movie romantic idol since Valentino, Bob has been mobbed on two continents by frantic fans. He made "Yank at Oxford" at the M-G-M Studios in Denham, England, after a welcome unprecedented in London. His new picture marks M-G-M's attempt to build up Taylor as an action hero after the passionate pallor of "Camille." Bob runs for Oxford, left below; he dips an oar in bump races on the Thames—see him at stroke, above; he even has a mellow air of English country squire about him. At right, a candid close-up. Right, below, entertaining Bill Powell on the set, with Maureen O'Sullivan, center, who is Bob's heroine in the picture. Next stop, Hollywood!





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'Let That Be A Lesson To You'

'I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star'

'I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water'

'Silhouetted In The Moonlight'

Directed by
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Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley · Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer · A First National Picture

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HUGH HERBERT ★ TED HEALY

GLENDA FARRELL ★ JOHNNIE DAVIS

ALAN MOWBRAY

MABEL TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN

EDGAR KENNEDY

AND

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

with LOUELLA PARSONS

FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER

KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND

BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies!

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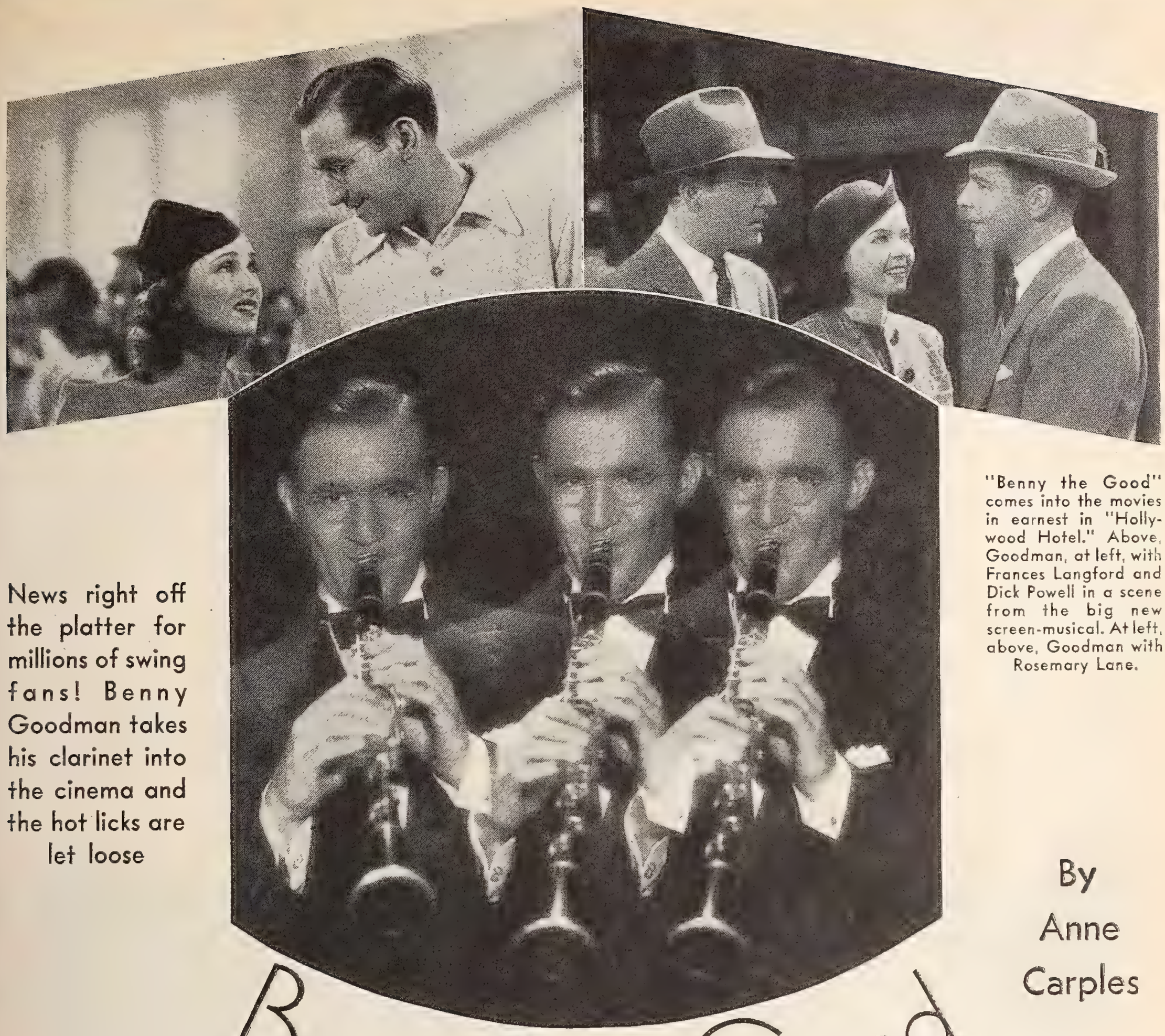
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Eleanor Powell in "Rosalie"

Eleanor Powell's biggest dance number for "Rosalie" hits a new high in screen extravaganza. Performed on a 60-acre set, as shown in our Still of the Month, below, Eleanor's dance follows her as she taps her way down 16 drums, the largest being 16 feet in height, the smallest 10 inches, until she literally flies through the air to land on a platform, as pictured at right, where she is surrounded by the 500 dancers of the ensemble, for a grand finale. Glittering, gay, gaudy, it's a Hollywood million-dollar "touch."

Graybill





"Benny the Good" comes into the movies in earnest in "Hollywood Hotel." Above, Goodman, at left, with Frances Langford and Dick Powell in a scene from the big new screen-musical. At left, above, Goodman with Rosemary Lane.

News right off the platter for millions of swing fans! Benny Goodman takes his clarinet into the cinema and the hot licks are let loose

Benny The Good

By Anne Carples

BENNY GOODMAN, Benny the Good, comes into the movies in earnest with the picture "Hollywood Hotel." Fans of the phenomenon of swing are cheering—now they can get a good close-up. On the bandstand it isn't so easy. The whole ensemble gets so hot and transported that it's hard to keep the eyes focused. The sense of vision gets confused.

When Benny plays the Palomar or the Madhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania the crowd nightly around the bandstand is twenty deep, several hundred in a semi-circle that won't budge. The fascination is Benny, calm and cool, and crowding music until in the swing lingo, "he takes it out of the world." There he is with less tricks than any band leader you've ever seen, no baton, no effort, his face sunburned and imperturbable. Then he takes the clarinet in his mouth and the licks nature has heretofore kept in reserve are let loose.

He says such funny things into the mike. "The gas is lit, boys," in introducing an old-timer. Or he bows to sentiment and sums up the lyrical query, "Don't you know or don't you care?" with the condescension, "We do both, doctor." His swing fans know just how to interpret his continuity for the king of swing is definitely two personalities: one when he plays, and one when he is himself. In his own personality he is laconic, easy, effortless. He has a warm down-to-earth quality that the bandstand crowders love, and paradoxically a dignity and apartness which they worship equally. "The Good," the sobriquet tossed at him, has nothing to do with common virtue, it's a boxed orchid to the Goodman supremacy and skill.

How much of the Killer-Diller, Sing, Sing, Sing, he will integrate with his personality on the screen as a personality remains to be seen. But if the miracle works, as it does on the bandstand, it will be as if Gary Cooper out of his deep integrity suddenly started erupting Vesuvius. The fans which sit at Benny's feet watch for this transformation, and when the band takes off and it's on, when the playing is "jive," when it's "in the groove," they just turn their faces to him with an intimacy of recognition that makes it the only contemporaneous thing alive.

The screen has had band leaders before, any number of superlative favorites of the moment in every line, but there is a little difference here, (*Please turn to page 92*)

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans



TRUE CONFESSION—Paramount

THIS is completely mad, and comparatively unimportant; but it is so much fun that I have no hesitation in advising you not to miss it. It is no small triumph for Miss Carole Lombard, who dashes through it with pretty superb charm and chic, hurdling implausibilities and absurd dialogue with her own special brand of insouciance. For the first time, it seems to me, *la* Lombard manages to sustain a true characterization. She is not the Lombard of "Nothing Sacred." She is, if possible, even madder than that. Here, she plays the well-meaning wife of struggling lawyer Fred MacMurray who promises faithfully to let well enough alone and then gets herself engaged as secretary to a gentleman who is immediately thereafter found murdered. Before she, or you, or any of us know what's happening, she is on trial for her life, her husband is defending her, and the most farcical courtroom scenes in screen history are being unrolled before your astonished eyes. This episode of "True Confession," including John Barrymore as a mysterious tipsy stranger, is well worth anybody's admission money. There are other laughs, lots of Lombard, Una Merkel, and Mr. Barrymore in his most intentionally amusing screen appearance.



WELLS FARGO—Paramount

HERE is our epic, and we can use one. Into the merry midst of so many crazy comedies comes "Wells Fargo"—big, heavy, handsome, highly dramatic—no cream-puff picture, I assure you; but one you can get your teeth into. If it's a little tough going at times, remember it's an epic, and like it. I did. Frank Lloyd has told the stirring story of the founding and progress of the Wells Fargo Express Company in bold, slashing strokes; he covers his huge canvas with colorful action, strong characterization, and a few lusty fights; and the result is a motion picture for the American family, of particular appeal to the men who complain because there's too much pink glamor and not enough red meat on the screen. Joel McCrea gives his finest performance as the trail-blazer for the express company, whose devotion to his job alienates him from his beloved wife when the Civil War divides their allegiance. Frances Dee is opposite her husband, playing his screen wife with compassion and charm. Bob Burns supplies the homely humor in his inimitable fashion. The excellent cast includes Mary Nash, Henry O'Neill, Ralph Morgan, and many other lustrous names. Here is a fine and wholesome film worthy of your staunch support.



DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—RKO-Radio

DID somebody say it should be "Astaire in Distress"? The great dancer himself is said to have sent a one-word telegram to Ginger Rogers following the preview of his solo picture: "Ouch!" was the word. "Damsel in Distress" isn't that bad. But it is a triumph for Miss Rogers all the same. Her gay ghost is present wherever this picture is shown. Perhaps if Mr. Astaire had not attempted to find a new romantic partner in Joan Fontaine, "Damsel in Distress" would not be haunted by Ginger Rogers. When Gracie Allen is dancing with Fred we can forget all the grand and gorgeous procession of Astaire-Rogers dances; Gracie is reminiscent of Fred's sister Adele, she has truly twinkling toes, and her wise comedy foils Fred's wistful appeal. Too, when Reginald Gardiner occupies the screen all else is forgotten, for Gardiner's is the most exceptional new comic gift to films in years. As the operatic butler in the P. G. Wodehouse castle where most of "Damsel in Distress" spins out, Gardiner is a thoroughgoing joy. Audiences enjoy the fun-house sequence, Astaire's drum-dance, Burns and Allen patter. And now, Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire, that you have proved it can be done, don't let it happen again, please. Dance and make up!

HIT:

"Tovarich"
"Nothing Sacred"
"True Confession"

MISS:

"Damsel in Distress"
"Dinner at the Ritz"

BEST GIRL:

Carole Lombard in "Nothing Sacred" and "True Confession"

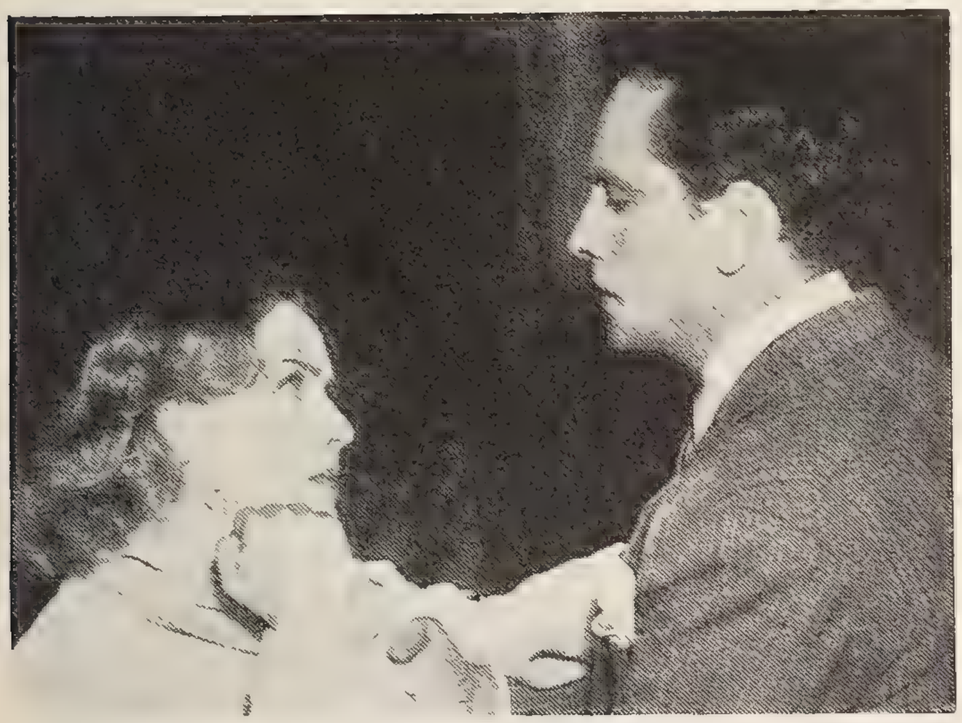
BEST MEN:

Charles Boyer in "Tovarich"
Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo"
Reginald Gardiner in "Damsel in Distress"



TOVARICH—Warners

ENTRANCING! "Tovarich" is original, refreshing film fare. It presents the two most endearing leading characters you have seen in many movie moons: a Grand Duchess of the Imperial régime and her consort, penniless in Paris, who "go into service" to provide their vodka and caviar. They are artless, engaging, childlike Russians, and as they are written and acted they become memorable screen portraits. Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert co-star, surrounded by a splendid cast. You'll follow with keen interest and sympathetic amusement their adventures as lady's maid and butler in an erratic banker's household; you'll rejoice with them in their new-found domestic felicity; you'll darn near weep with them when they are confronted by a charmingly sinister commissar who recalls none too pleasantly their tragic exile. Charles Boyer, comedian, turns out to be as perfect as Boyer the tragedian; he is, once more, a revelation in subtle, shimmering acting. Miss Colbert is, as always, a delightful personality; but she falls far short of realizing the potentialities of her priceless part. She is always Colbert, seldom the character. Melville Cooper is the new comedy sensation as the banker. Basil Rathbone is fine, too.



NOTHING SACRED—Selznick-United Artists

MOST provocative picture to be seen these days, and not only once but bearable for return engagements, "Nothing Sacred" is by way of being a screen sensation. It stayed three weeks at Manhattan's snooty Radio City Music Hall—by request. It played to those mythical native New Yorkers and to countless contented visitors, who doubtless went home to see it all over again in their neighborhood theatres, if only to hear the dialogue that was drowned in shouts of laughter—oh, yes, they laugh out loud at the Music Hall. "Nothing Sacred" thumbs its nose at practically everything hitherto held sacred in the cinema—including even the Grim Reaper, no mean feat when you think back at the awed treatment accorded old G.R. ever since movies began—remember all the long-drawn-out death scenes you've suffered through? Here's comedy that's unselfconsciously ribald and unconventionally robust. That Fight Scene, of course, is still the high spot of the screen season. Carole Lombard and Fredric March mix it—don't stop me if you've heard this, it won't do you any good—and the fair heroine, hangover and all, is knocked out by the gallant hero. Just try to sell us any more old-fashioned lovers' quarrels after this. Cheers!



DINNER AT THE RITZ—20th Century-Fox

OF INTEREST only because of Annabella. If she is an acquired taste for some screengoers, I suggest they start sampling right now, for we'll be seeing the one-name French girl in a good many American-made movies. Whether Simone Simon is twice as good as her fair compatriot, I wouldn't be knowing. The little imports seem to be all different, and all delightful—not moulded as our Hollywood stars, but distinctive. Where Simone is all gamine, Annabella is the little lady who can be by turns coquette or aristocrat; in fact, I feel that Annabella is actually one of those protean performers we hear about but seldom see. Versatile is the word. In "Dinner at the Ritz," a rather bewildering offering, with melodramatic overtones, the star appears in a continual masquerade, in which she runs that gamut from Spanish girl to East Indian, and back again. There are jewels involved, and a Gang, you see—*I* didn't, because it was all extremely confusing; but fortunately, in addition to Annabella, David Niven is present, and this young Englishman continues the progress he made in "Prisoner of Zenda," and if he can progress in this picture, it proves he's good. Paul Lukas and Romney Brent are also pleasantly present.

Glamor School portraits of Anita Louise by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.







SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Anita Louise

Lovely as a fragile French Marquise of the 18th century, Anita Louise is Hollywood's "model girl"—in modes as well as manners. The large picture above shows our heroine adding the final fillip of powder to her perfect nose, just before an evening at the Troc. Anita is wearing white net encrusted with silver sequins in a line-and-star motif. At top right, a picture hat for a picture girl: large-brimmed black felt with crown band of brilliant brocade. At right, she steps out in an ensemble of silver fox. Her off-the-face turban shows two pompons of the fur, her scarf cape shows a high neckline, her muff of fabric matching her black crepe dress is accented with two silver fox heads. Débutante elegance in the grand manner.



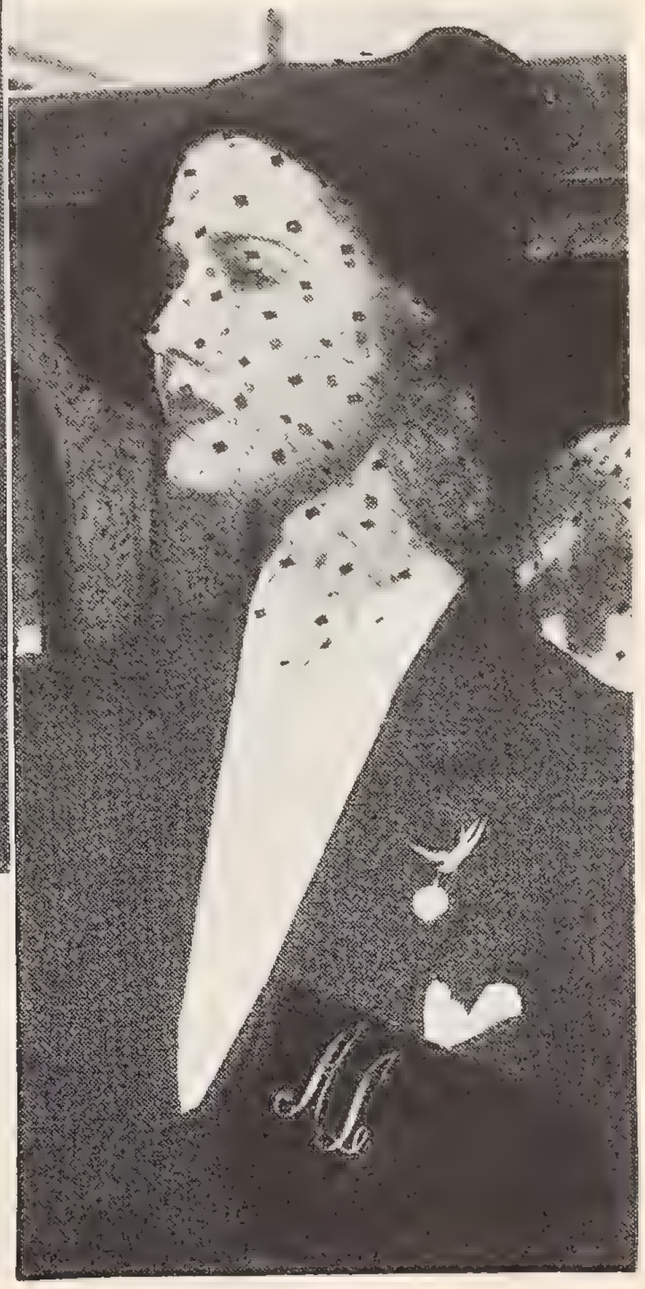




Most unique jewel ensemble is Anita's: antique gold crosses, set with pearls. At right, her sable jacket and muff and dark brown turban trimmed with the same fur. At far right, afternoon dress accented with wide girdle and hemline of velvet; her hat has color accent of red and blue brocade.







Velvet in a deepwood green, fashions Anita's princess frock with its flared skirt, and its collar of cream lace. Anita's black velour turban with headband of barbaric embroidery in gold, blue, and bright red. At right, her new tailored suit—see bird watch-fob in her lapel, monogram on her bag—and don't miss her high-crowned hat with coarse veil.



Frances Dee wears middle-American period clothes in "Wells Fargo" for Paramount, so she splurges on her own wardrobe to make up for it! At left, Frances' formal evening gown of gold lamé, with interesting draped treatment. At lower left, her cape of blue fox. Dorothy Lamour, at right, wears a dinner gown of black velvet with full skirt accented by bold white lace applique. Her dinner hat boasts a sprightly veil.





Here's What They're Wearing in Hollywood

Songbird Gladys Swarthout, at left, likes her chiffon house gown, designed by Travis Banton: a twisted sash of pale and bright blue chiffon enlivens its soft grey; its pleats and loose-sleeve treatment make it charming.

The "Persian Princess" influence is accepted by Miss Swarthout, at right, who wears this costume in her new film, "Romance in the Dark." Below, Dorothy Lamour goes in for stripes: red, white, and blue Rodier fabric makes a dashing scarf for a simple, straight, navy blue wool daytime dress. Another piece of the striped fabric is pulled through the crown of Dorothy's bright red sailor hat and is tied at one side in the back. Smart note for Spring!







Hollywood brunettes adore grey. Dorothy Lamour, now in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," selected the suit shown above. The skirt is short and straight and made of novelty grey kasha. The cape is of grey kasha lined in grey crepe and trimmed in grey Persian lamb which also fashions the smart "jumper" and muff. Dorothy's hat is of grey suede and her gloves and shoes blue antelope.

Frances Dee's final ensemble for the season is a black crepe daytime dress with a bolero of mink, topped by a genuinely high-hatted black velour draped into a severe high crown, with one side flanked with iridescent blue feathers. Joel McCrea likes this outfit!







Mimi (Myrna Loy) sees the man she loves married to Elizabeth (Rosalind Russell), and believes she will never conquer her thought that Alan (Walter Pidgeon) really belongs to her. But just then Jimmy (Franchot Tone) appeared, and when the honeymooners return, Mimi assures Elizabeth that she still likes, but no longer loves, Alan—and means it at the time.

"Man-Proof"

Adaptation of "The Four Marys" with Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, and Franchot Tone

THE bride was so very lovely, so young and radiant and so very triumphant—but nobody was looking at her. It was the prettiest bridesmaid they were watching, the one with the pert, ever so slightly turned up nose who was staring so straight and tragically ahead. The one they called Mimi.

Only once did her eyes lift, at the very end of the ceremony when Alan slipped the ring on Elizabeth's finger. Then they moved for the smallest fraction of a second to the bride's tranquil ones and from hers to Alan's.

Despair, stark and sick and just a little bit too dramatic was there for all to see. And someone among the guests tittered and someone sighed, and Meg Swift who had been watching her daughter with that apprehension she tried so hard to keep to herself leaned anxiously toward the young man beside her.

"Jimmy," she whispered, "look at Mimi!"

As if she needed to tell him, as if Jimmy Kilmartin hadn't been watching her himself with something of that same apprehension.

"That guy must have been crazy to have turned her down," he growled.

"That's what I think, but *I* love her," Meg sighed. "Oh, Jimmy, I wish *you* were in love with her!"

"If I fell in love with anybody in the Swift family it wouldn't be Mimi, it'd be her mother." And Jimmy gave Meg that special grin he always had for her.

Meg leaned back as the bridal party moved slowly away. Why, she thought wearily, out of all the men in

Please Turn to Page 78 for Cast and Credits





If MIMI and ALAN are thrown together again, it is really ELIZABETH'S fault, MIMI argues. But that does not convince JIMMY, and he warns MIMI she is heading for unhappiness —which is true, and MIMI herself realizes it when ELIZABETH very frankly unburdens her heart in a situation that leads to an amazing climax in the tangled lives and loves of four fascinating people.



Fictionized By Elizabeth B. Petersen

An ultra-modern love story fictionized from the screen version of a widely popular novel

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the world, did Mimi have to be so desperate about Alan Wythe, charming, good-looking, penniless young man about town that he was. If only she could have written her daughter's story how different it would have been. Gay and exciting and happy, that's how she would have written it, just as she wrote those best sellers of hers. And she would have made Jimmy the hero. Jimmy, who for all his happy-go-lucky ways, was making a name for himself as a newspaper cartoonist. But then Jimmy had always been as casual about Mimi as she had been about him.

Even in the beginning when Mimi's eyes were shining all the time and she was always humming the newest love songs and the telephone kept ringing, Meg hadn't been too happy about the situation. Then Elizabeth Kent came along, and after that Alan couldn't seem to make up his mind which one of the two girls he liked best.

It wasn't really that he was a fortune hunter, only that the Kent millions and the important job he was given in Elizabeth's father's office had seemed to be enough to make him finally decide between them.

Meg looked toward the bridal couple and the eager guests crowding around them with congratulations. Then her hand dug into Jimmy's arm as she saw Mimi looking desperate and tragic going up to Alan, and her eyes closed as she heard the hurt in her daughter's voice.

"I hope you'll be very unhappy." The words came stark and bitter for everybody to hear. "I mean it. Everything I hope for, never comes true."

Jimmy jumped to his feet then and somehow got Mimi away. But he couldn't get her (*Please turn to page 78*)



News parade of stars who glitter at Mayfair haunts on time off from Hollywood and British studios

By Hettie Grimstead





Binnie Barnes, left, let her hair down for your London reporter and you find out that Binnie definitely does NOT wear a wig. Above, Lionel Barrymore, another Hollywood favorite we find in London, where he's working in the film starring Robert Taylor.

I DO seem to have been chatting with screen stars in some unusual places lately! When I went to have tea with Merle Oberon she received me in bed. "I often spend a day in bed," she said. "Resting, reading, listening to the radio and only taking fruit juice and milk. It's the best beauty treatment I know—splendid for the skin and the figure."

Well, Merle's new bedroom is lovely—the walls painted cream and the curtains and covers of pale pink satin spotted with silver. The bed is an antique one with draperies of rose brocade and there's a fitted dressing-table between the two windows with a fresco of cherubs and flowers painted above in old Venetian manner and gold brushes and combs set out on a mirror top. Arum lilies stand on the bedside table, along with Merle's toy bear mascot which she calls Captain, and a wood fire crackles merrily in the open hearth.

I sat in the Juliet chair, given to Merle by her greatest friend Norma Shearer—

Norma used it in the bedroom scene in "Romeo and Juliet"—and looked at an exquisite miniature of the giver in a golden frame studded with pearls. "I'm going back to Hollywood for a spell because I want to see Norma again so very much. We talk on the Transatlantic phone at least once a week but that isn't sufficient."

Merle has just signed a new contract with Alexander Korda to make two films at his Denham Studios every year for the next five years. As soon as she completes her Hollywood picture with Gary Cooper and David Niven, she will have to return to London so she has bought this quaint old-world style house overlooking Regents Park for a permanent English home. It has an ancient spiral staircase of mellow stone still lit by crystal candle-holders just as it was in those begone days when lords and ladies in silks and satins bowed and curtseyed their stately way into the salon that is now Merle's drawing-room, a symphony in pastel green and silver with a touch of crimson.

Merle's latest Korda picture is called "Over the Moon," a gay comedy in which she has no less than five leading men, headed by Rex Harrison and John Clements. She's adopted a new type of hair-dressing for it, bunching her chestnut-brown curls at either side of her face and piling up more curls behind. (Merle is definitely not an admirer of those long straight coiffure styles!)

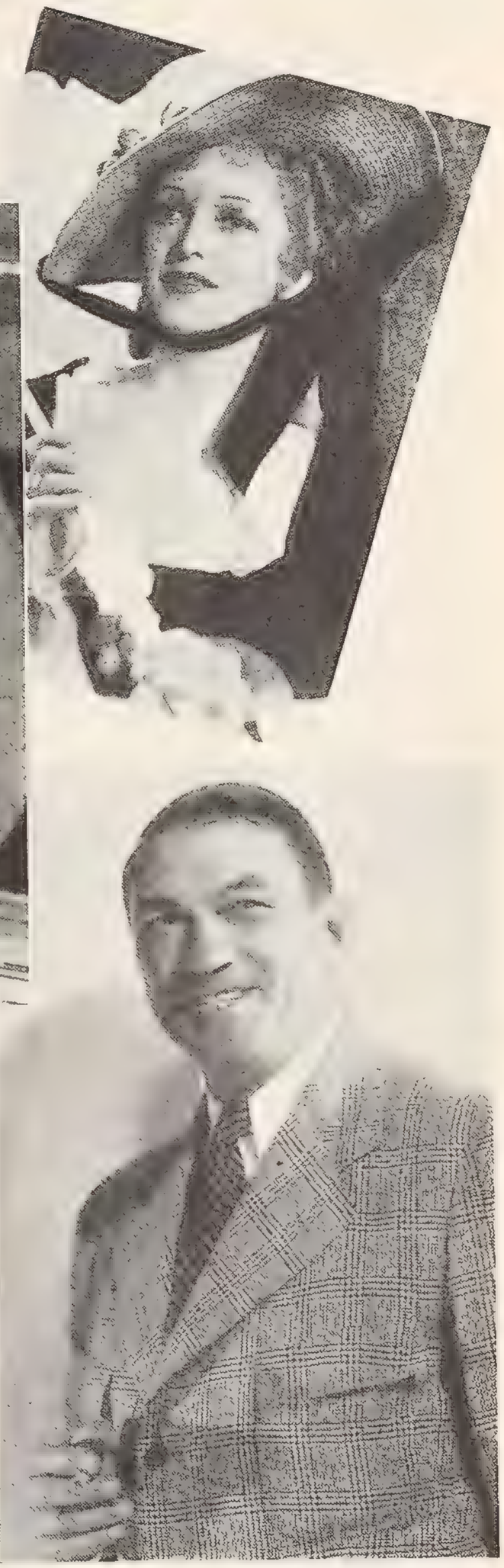
Talking of hair, I was called into Binnie Barnes' yellow bathroom and found her brushing out glorious blonde locks that fell below her waist. "So you can see for yourself that the rumors I wear wigs are quite untrue," she announced. After which we went into the sitting-room and Binnie smoked a Turkish cigarette and said she was "disgustingly sick" of being The Other Woman. "I hate all these hard-boiled parts I get. Being a callous vamp so often is making me really unhappy. I want to get back to comedy again, those mad, merry parts I used to play before Hollywood decided that blondes should be selfishly sophisticated if they were more than twenty-two years old."

When I was introduced to Lionel Barrymore he was reclining on a stretcher in the ambulance van that was standing near the set at Denham. "No, I haven't had an accident," he smiled. "But the door was open and I thought I could wait for my call more comfortably like this."

At fifty-nine, Lionel looks at the world with a mellow sense of humor, but his cheery voice and ever-twinkling eyes are tributes to a great heroism. He has suffered so much these last years, making his pictures during brief intervals of respite from the wracking pains of arthritis. His twisted hands bear eloquent evidence of what he has bravely endured. Before the camera he keeps them out of sight as much as possible.

Lionel's current part is in Robert Taylor's film of "A Yank at Oxford," and young Bob himself has certainly never been so man-handled on the screen before. He's thrown into the river, knocked down while skating, thoroughly punched and pumelled during a boxing-match and the day I (*Please turn to page 84*)







Social side of studio life, left. Bob Taylor and Merle Oberon, with Tim Whelan, Merle's director, and Laurence Olivier, right, form the happy group our camera catches here. Reading from top down, above: Sophie Stewart in the new "Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel;" Leslie Howard goes to town from his country place every matinée day; Victor McLaglen hasn't missed a boxing match since arriving to play in a British film.



"I don't want you—and I never did," Katrine shouted at the boy, as Bertrand, unobserved by either Katrine or Peter, stood in the doorway watching the scene with amusement. When she saw the Count, Katrine flared. "Who told you to come in?" she demanded sharply.

Star-Dust Baby

By

Margaret E. Sangster

CHAPTER III

TO THE casual observer Peter fitted into the scheme of things as smoothly and effortlessly as he fitted into the new clothes that Katrine had Bill Naughton buy for him. To those on the inside he was still an orphan, though a gilded one. His black eye vanished almost as rapidly—and quite as completely—as did the faded blue overalls. But neither the overalls nor the eye were allowed to vanish before Katrine had made capital of them.

"He got the eye fighting for me," she bragged. "He laid out a fellow four times his size." She went on to explain that the overalls were what had caught her interest in the first place.

"Any sissy can adopt a *little* baby," she said, "but it takes character to bring up a *boy* . . ."

The public, listening, went for it in a big way, and Peter was much photographed. Unfortunately he didn't take a good picture. The camera brought out odd, elderly lines and hollows in a face that was just losing its infantile contours. So, after a few weeks, Katrine began to send Peter into the house whenever a candid camera put in its appearance.

"This kid deserves some private life," she alibied. "I didn't adopt him as a publicity gag."

The public loved that, too—but Bill Naughton had a way of turning on his heel whenever Katrine started along that line.

"I can't take it," he told her simply. "The only thing I hate worse than wood alcohol is a liar!"

Katrine, in public, smiled softly whenever Peter's name was mentioned. But when she surveyed the child in the occasional seclusion of her magnificent home, she did not smile.

"Run away," she'd tell him. "Go play in your own back yard!" Once when he brought her a grubby

An imperious screen siren bargains for headlines when she becomes a mother by adoption, but not for the emotional crises her plan provokes

Please Turn to Page 75 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

bouquet of flowers that he'd gathered in a field—some strange sense of delicacy kept him from picking his blossoms in Katrine's full-to-overflowing garden—she said sharply, "Don't litter up the place with trash!" and dropped the pitiful offering into a scrap basket. As Peter walked stiffly out of the room—his small hands clenched into white knuckled balls—she turned venomously to Bill Naughton.

"For the love of heaven, stop priming him—" she said, "or you'll be sorry."

Bill countered, "I'm already sorry for a lot of things. First of all I'm sorry I was ever born." He added after a moment, "If you'd only treat Peter one-half as well as you treat that pint-sized Count of yours—"

Katrine laughed. "The Count's in love with me," she said. "I may marry him before I'm through. I'm getting very fond of him—"

Bill said, "Peter's in love with you, too, and he's twice the man that your precious Bertrand is—"

"You wouldn't know," said Katrine languidly. "You suspect Bertrand because he's French and claims a title. But I have reason to know that the guy has what it takes—"

Bill grated: "Now you're showing off! Shut up."

Katrine said slowly, "Maybe I won't marry the Count, at that. Maybe I'll just have an affair with him. I haven't had an affair with anybody for a coon's age—"

Bill knew that he was being goaded to a slow fury, and yet he was unable to control himself.

"You never had an affair with anybody in your life!" he told Katrine. "Why do you pull that sort of stuff—on me, of all people? I know you're straight—that way, at least!"

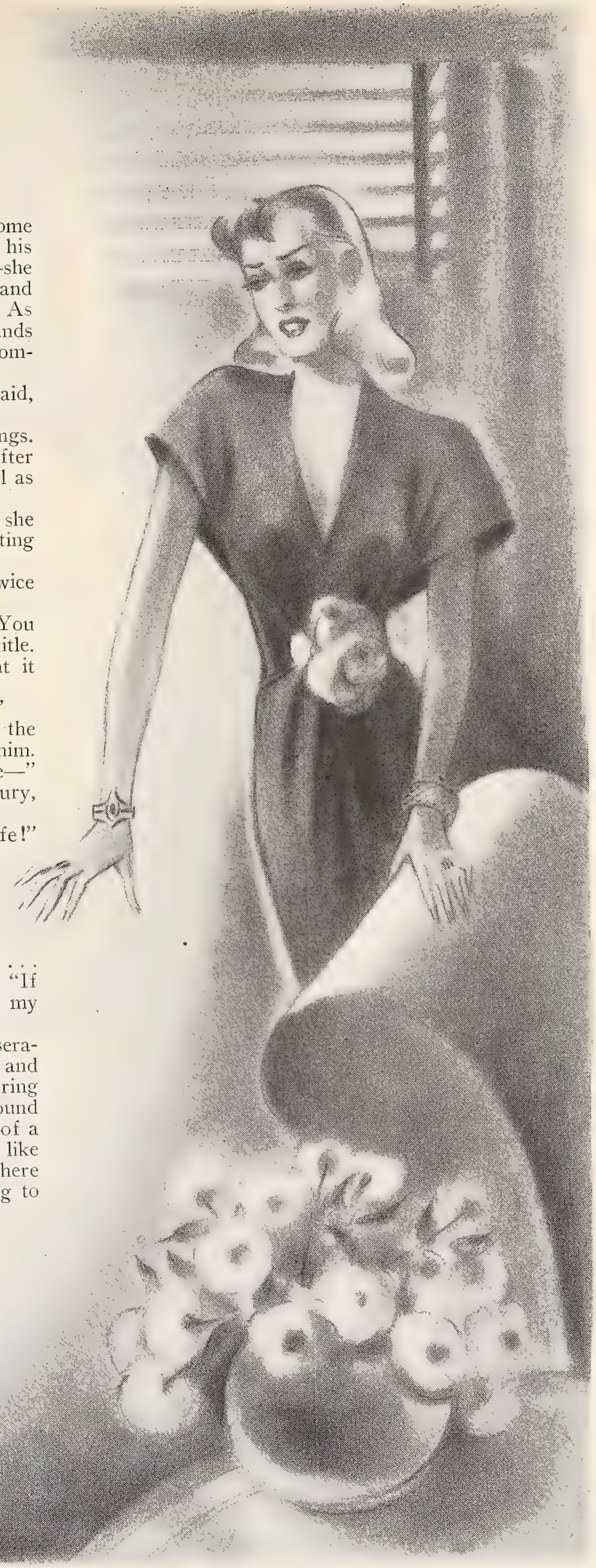
Katrine started to laugh—she sighed instead.

"You only see me during working hours," she told Bill. "You don't know how I spend my evenings . . . Good-bye, Bill," she called after his retreating back. "If you meet Bertrand anywhere, tell him I sent my love . . ."

So it went. Through the whole of a dragging, miserable month during which Peter ate balanced meals and drank certified milk and lost weight alarmingly. During which Bill Naughton grew to have a blue line around his mouth—so that he always looked a trifle in need of a barber. During which Katrine Mollineaux worked like a dog on her new picture—and was seen everywhere with the pint-sized Count, named Bertrand, clinging to her like a leech.

"He takes a good photo," she told Bill, when Bill remonstrated—as he did regularly, twice every day. "It's a pity I didn't adopt him instead of Peter. At least I could've divorced him, later."

Bill made no response to that. He couldn't think (*Please turn to page 75*)



Illustrated By
Welton Swain

Because the stars go there to play, the City on the Seine is a swell place to capture close-ups of notables, as this story proves

Paris!

By Stiles Dickenson



With pardonable pride, Charles Boyer points for Paris at least once a year. This time he's doing a film there—a scene from which, center below, shows Boyer with Robert Manuel. Ruth Chatterton, at the right, really flies to Paris at every opportunity. Tullio Carminati, bottom center, vacations from film acting.





PARIS is putting on her best smile and gayest air, because its beloved prodigal is once more at home. At home, not for just a vacation, but at home to actually make a film. The cause of this joy is Charles Boyer. When he first went to Hollywood he arranged his contract so as to be free to make one film a year in Paris. Each year he has done this, or appeared on the stage, except last year. Then he could only manage a short visit but now he is hard at work on the production of "Le Venin" at the studios in Joinville, the Parisian Hollywood. I went out to the studio for a visit with Charles and found him in fine form. In France, after all sorts of hand-waving and shoulder-shrugging of the artistes (in France the actors are called artistes), the directors and electricians, they settled, legally, on the strict eight-hour-a-day program. So the work at the studio starts at noon and ends at eight o'clock at night. Many of the artistes play in the theatres so this noon-starting hour pleases them greatly. Also, on the lighter side, those who love parties have all morning in which to get rid of that "morning after" look and feeling. At the comfortable hour of noon I rolled up to the studio restaurant for a bite of lunch with Charles. He was quite the center of attraction, even in the studio restaurant. Somehow, Hollywood gives one a dazzling halo. Even in other walks of life the casual mention of having been in Hollywood awakens a new light of interest in people's eyes. Charles didn't have time to finish his coffee as they needed him on the set. The scene was in a poor, sordid French version of a hall bedroom, so I knew I would have to depend on Charles' sparkling eyes and sly sense of humor for any lightness in these drab surroundings Every time he could, he would run over between shots and chat with me. As the (*Please turn to page 88*)







Ungilded Lily

Spice as well as song for the cameras of Hollywood! Lily clowned with Jack Oakie and Eddie Horton, in "Hitting a New High," above, and found it more fun than work. Below, the scene for which she told the director: "I'll go to the ceety on this," when he asked for lots of pep.

A nightingale who loves to skylark, petite Pons proves the prima donna needn't be pompous. Here's a candid cameo of the vibrant coloratura

By Dick Pine

MAYBE I'm getting old. I'm probably out of touch with the modern stream-lined tendencies in this and that. But there is something in this picture which seems out of drawing, somehow. I am talking of Lily Pons.

I thought that I knew something of prima donnas. I have, in a modest way, been a patron of opera in England, on the Continent, and in this country. I have met several prima donnas; had tea with a few of them; paid my respectful tributes at larger parties. I've closed my eyes reverently while portly ladies galumphed through the Wagnerian operas. What I am getting at is that I thought I knew my prima donna enough to realize that there are hard and fast rules governing her deportment, her temperament, the extent of her tantrums. And then again, the love of good music and the beautiful voice of a prima donna overcomes any love of feminine pulchritude. If she sings like an angel, one should be able to imagine that she *looks* like one.

All this was before I met Lily Pons. I had heard her on the radio, but I hadn't, I regret to say, seen her. When I did catch up with her, while she was working in "Hitting a New High" at RKO, they had to lead me out and feed me aspirins.

Lily (oh yes, I'm calling her Lily) was wearing a few feathers and some beads. I was assured, solemnly, in answer to my incredulous enquiries, that the befeathered, bebeaded wisp of a thing really was a prima donna. I rubbed my eyes, and had another look. Yes, there she was, just as I had first seen her. Five feet of her. About ninety pounds of her. The size 1½ B feet of her. Wearing a few beads and feathers. And here I was—a fellow who had taken a solemn oath never to attempt to interview a luscious young thing. I set out to write a story about a prima donna, and found myself confronted with a gay creature wearing beads and feathers (but I think I mentioned that before).

Anyhow, this prima donna had the giggles. She had just emerged from a large tank of (*Please turn to page 83*)



Fay's Magic

It's a camera! The pictures Fay Wray takes transport her back to beloved scenes of beauty and enjoyment in places near and far

By Ruth Tildesley



"The fun and excitement of this camera hobby," Fay says, "is that it may lead you anywhere." Fay has traveled a lot—and has made pictures along the way. The picture of Dolores Del Rio, at right, however, was made right on the beach of Fay's California home.

"THE excitement of owning a camera and going in for picture-taking as a hobby is that it can lead anywhere," said Fay Wray, looking up from the piles of prints that lay between us on the scarlet leather of the couch.

"You might go on from the pictures to writing stories suggested by the scenes you've taken, or writing articles about the countries your pictures show. Or you might become a traveling specialist in some line because you get the wander-bug. Or you might become a real artist.

"I never had a camera in my life until my husband surprised me with a little Leica camera as a Christmas present one year. I hadn't even vaguely thought of wanting one, but I was delighted. John— "*His* name, as you probably know, is John Monk Saunders—" had a Graflex camera for years. He got it for use when he was a reporter and has never stopped taking pictures. Somehow, once a camera fiend, always a camera fiend, it seems.

"All I had, up to the time of that Christmas camera, was a hankering to draw. I did sketch a little, nothing very good, but I always thought that some day it would be nice to take lessons. You know, those 'some day' ambitions? 'Some day' I'll take up the violin—'some day' I'll really go in for piano—'some day' I'll learn to speak really good French—or German—or Chinese! One of those things.

"Now, I know that what I want to do is to be a really good portrait artist with a camera. I know it will be years before I *am* good, but that's the fun of this hobby—so much to learn, so many





People and scenes from far and near, are shown in this group of diversified subjects made by Fay Wray. Center above, the lake at St. Moritz. Above, character study: caretaker of a church at Leksund, Sweden. Right, Richard Arlen and his dog.

Carpet

interesting experiments to make. Portrait-making interests me because I like people. The next thing I get for my camera will be a portrait lens and a good supply of patience. I find that patience—of which I have no over-supply—is more important than anything else. I hope to develop it."

In her navy blue suit, with a blue "beanie" on her red-brown hair, she looked like an earnest schoolgirl.

"I say I want to be a portrait artist, but I'm not good enough yet," she went on. "First, I must learn what there is to know about lighting and focus and so on, and then I'll take the next steps. In the meantime, I've been taking scenery and action shots and informals.

"I know you can buy postcards of scenes at every place you go when you travel, and they will probably be ever so much better than the ones you take yourself, but somehow when I see something beautiful I can't help getting out my own camera. The pictures mean more to me because when I look at them I can remember exactly what we were doing the day I snapped it and live over again the happy times. It's a travelogue, but a personal one

"When we were in Switzerland, I was sitting at the breakfast table by a window overlooking the lake at St. Moritz when I saw this breath-taking scene. I couldn't wait till I got my camera. I took it through the window pane and you can see the faint reflection of the table. Postcards may give lovelier views, but they won't mean the same to me!

"The ski track picture is another I couldn't help snapping, because it shows the track as it looked from our seats—one of the jumpers was in mid-air when I shot. I love the powder of snow on the trees and the tiny black figures against the white drifts. I used a green filter for the snow shots; it tones down the glare.

"This shot of the ski jumper who landed right in front of us is an example of the sort of picture belonging to a travelogue because it brings back a thrill of a moment, but actually a camera expert can find a dozen things wrong technically."

Fay's ideas on candid (*Please turn to page 82*)



Fay says she some day hopes to be a good portrait artist, but she seems to do very well now at portraits as well as scenics and informals. Left, for example, an informal portrait of her husband, John Monk Saunders, at St. Moritz.



Snapshots that show an eye for composition, and set an example for Fay's fellow camera enthusiasts. Left center above, view of a canal in Sweden. Above, a view of the ski track at St. Moritz. Left, Anita Louise and her Irish setter, Rambler, in Anita's front yard.

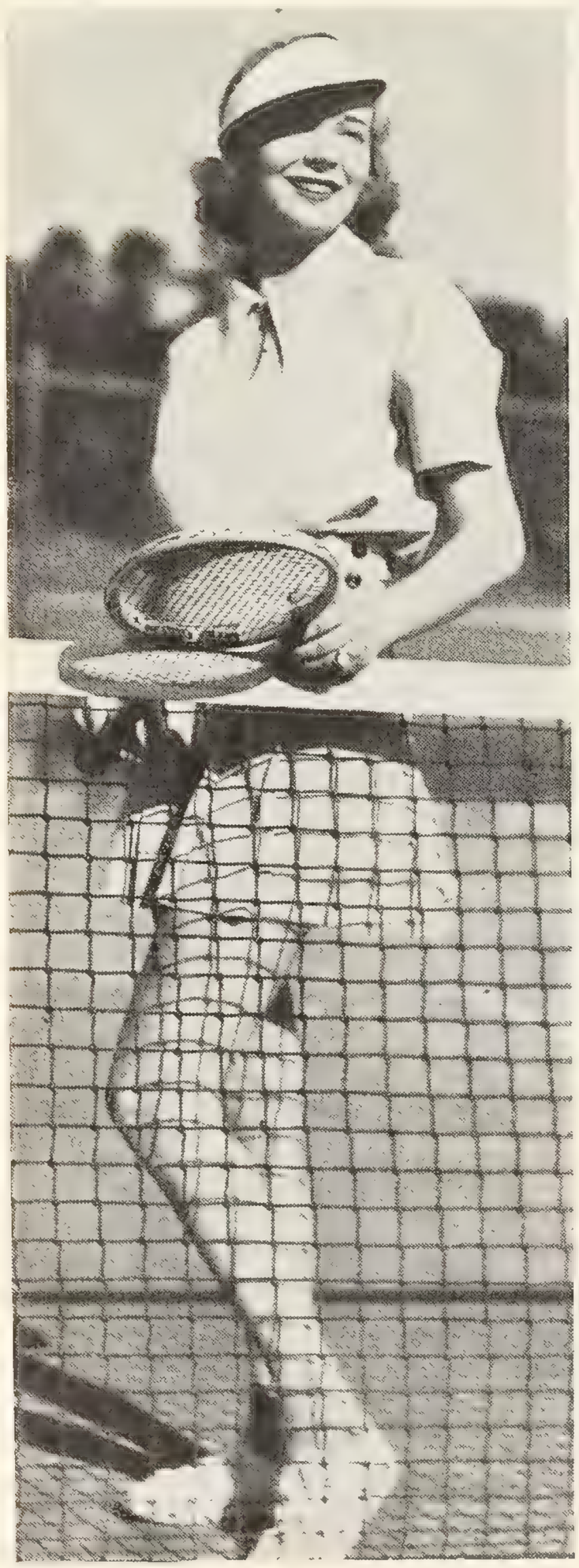
Here's Hollywood

Chatter, chiefly cheerful, reporting star news and gossip

By Weston East

NOW that Garbo has gone home for a long vacation the choicest anecdote about her comes to light. Years ago, when she was a salesgirl in Stockholm, a young man brought in a pair of gloves to be mended. They became friends. In 1937 he showed up in Hollywood and Greta got him a job playing a bit in "Conquest." One day she was completely indifferent, giving him the snub supreme. He was upset all night and next day went right to her to get an explanation. She was as friendly as ever. It appears he had approached her double and—well as he knew the star—had believed the double was Greta. So when you hear their doubles aren't much like them, remember this.

HOW different Sonja Henie's current exhibition tour is! There are the same great crowds and there is an even bigger salary for each grand performance. More fans besiege her for autographs. But there are no orchids impetuously sent by a tall, dark and handsome lad. There are no more exciting telephone calls from Hollywood, catching up with her wherever she may be temporarily. In Sonja's life there is no more love. Tyrone Power cares for Janet Gaynor now.



AS soon as Shirley Temple finishes a picture her parents whisk her down to a fashionable Palm Springs hotel for a sunshine pick-up. Shirley is so proud of her current tan. She wishes she had a portable plunge on hand to demonstrate how keen a swimmer she's becoming, too. The Temples employ the hotel swimming instructor for her. "It is so hard to do that crawl they do in Australia, though!" exclaims Shirley. "Gosh, you have to take all your breath to keep your feet up." Mrs. Temple wisely forbids close-ups of Shirley in the pool; when it's time to relax there shouldn't be cameramen snapping furiously.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell have moved from a house to a Hollywood apartment. They have sold their lot in Bel-Air, dismissed their architect. All those splendid plans for an elegant mansion have been torn up. Not because they don't want a home, or because they've been scared by the stock market drop. The answer, actually, is: the servant problem. They couldn't find satisfactory help and after a series of annoying incidents they decided life would be far simpler if they took an apartment.

JOAN BENNETT has picked herself up after her marital mishap. She put her older daughter Diane in St. Margaret's, the exclusive school for girls in Connecticut where Joan once studied. Then she took Melinda, her four-year-old daughter, along with her on her road tour of the play, "Stage Door." When romance goes blooey, Joan contends, the only sensible recourse is to carry on as though the past never was. You can't depress a Bennett!

JEANETTE MacDONALD can't help it. She just has a mathematical, orderly mind. When you snoop in her kitchen, for example, you learn that inside the cupboard above the stove there are two detailed lists. One's for Jeanette, and one is for Gene Raymond. Each, in the bride's own scrawl, is headed What I Like—What I Don't like. Neither star cares a bit for pastries. But, as a concession, Jeanette now indulges in sweetbreads broiled on ham, a rich concoction Gene craves.

ALLAN JONES has to obey the red light on his dressing-room door or else. Or else M-G-M will rip out his personal loudspeaker set-up, and he'll be reduced to a good book between scenes. Allan grew bored by the waiting between camera shots so he went into consultation with the prop boys. He emerged with the germ of an idea, which he proceeded to develop. Soon he had a two-way communication line from his dressing-room to the set. With a flick of the wrist he could either talk or receive an earful. It's been some fun hiding his private mike under chairs and behind backdrops, then booming out remarks from a distant hideaway. He has captured some surprising conversations. He generally waits until the

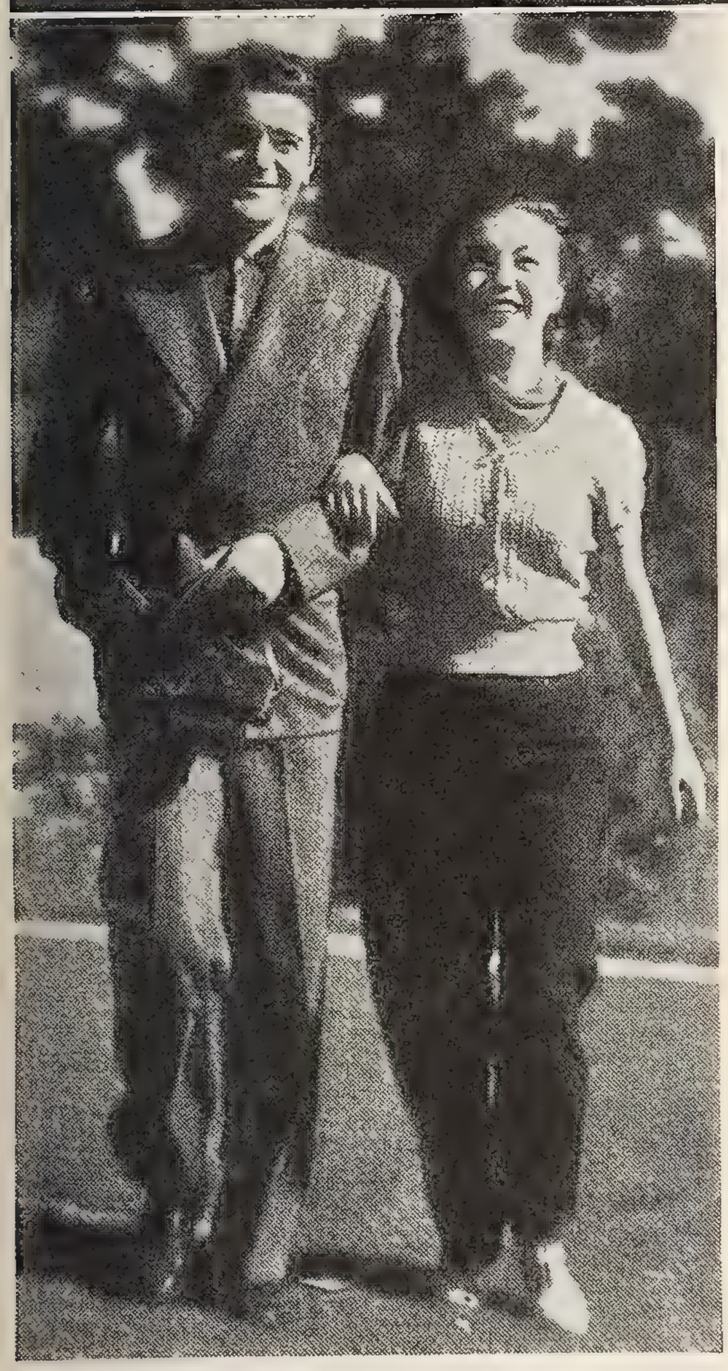


Alice Faye, radiant girl of the range, finds happiness by the barrel playing in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and acting love scenes with her real-life heart-interest and husband, Tony Martin.

Hard to beat—for charm as well as at tennis—is Virginia Bruce, left, snapped on the courts at Del Monte.







The Paul Munis continue their vacation. Seen above, left, on a sight-seeing tour of European capitals.

"Why travel? There's such fun and sunshine at home," say the Jack Oakies, right, at Del Monte.

The honeymoon continues for Francis Lederer and his bride, Margo, left, seen at a California resort.

ideal second to toss in his absentee two-bits' worth. That always stuns someone. However, he talked when acting was going on—hence the red light warning. When it flashes on he knows they're shooting and he controls that urge.

JOAN BLONDELL'S three-year-old son Norman now attends kindergarten. "And what do they call you at school?" the fond mother chanced to ask the other day. "Cute Baby," replied Norman. Rolling over on the floor and grinning, he added, "Can you blame them?"

WHILE Paul Muni is away seeing the world leisurely his brother-in-law Abem Finkel is busily adapting the story of the Wright brothers for filming. Maybe the wandering Paul will illustrate how airplanes were born next. He wants to do something in a comedy vein, he writes, though.

ANN SOTHERN has checked in from El Paso, Texas, where she's spent the past six weeks vacationing. Husband Roger Pryor was leading his orchestra there. The Pryors had an apartment where milady did every bit of the cooking. Ann turned down the rôle of Deanna Durbin's mother in the new Durbin film to play housewife. Now she's back in her Beverly Hills home and letting her negro chef bend over the stove. Dining alone she grows wistful over Roger and the hashes she loved to concoct for him.

THERE'S a surefire system if you want to meet Joan Crawford. Just be a master in your own racket. Some day, when you're in Hollywood or New York, Joan will walk right up, introduce herself, and earnestly tell you how much she admires you. It's a habit with her. Incidentally, when Franchot Tone was ordered to make another picture when he was ready to go New York jaunting with her he insisted that she go on and have some big city fun. She hadn't been East for three years. The holiday spirit was exciting. But Joan was famous and feted and forlorn. No Franchot!

THE spot to see the stars now is definitely the clubhouse at the Santa Anita race track. It's a Waldorf-like lounge, ritzily apart from the crowd scene. There Hollywood lunches, bets, and luxuriously eggs on the first nags of the nation. Cocktails are served in the umbrella-dotted stand. Santa Anita is America's swankiest track, thanks to Hal Roach being at the helm. This season Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown, and Barbara Stanwyck own the best racehorses among the actors. Al Jolson is the biggest bettor. Bruce Cabot is the shrewdest player—he financed a special airline from Palm Springs to Santa Anita, so a star really can't afford to stay down in the desert for the afternoon!

HOLLYWOOD can afford the best. So now Stokowski is co-starring with Mickey Mouse! You can't blame the crashing of his second marriage on the movies—he had come to an emotional impasse before he came to California to work and live.

WHEN Nelson Eddy moved into a big Beverly Hills home at last he didn't regally order a flock of flunkies to cart over all his belongings. He gave his mother complete charge of the transfer. That is, excepting his musical possessions. He moved them all himself. Not counting his piano and Capehart!

ONE way to lure a star to your town is to name a theater after him. The good citizens of Lubbuck, Texas, have a fondness for John Boles and so they named the new theater in his honor. What could he do but fly to its opening and meet everybody there?

IT'S easy to get the axe in Hollywood. Ida Lupino thought she finally was amounting to something. Her rôles at last gave her a chance. Then she was handed an insignificant part in support of Dorothy Lamour. The Lupino realized the Lamour had become the pet of Paramount, so she walked out. Next day Dorothy Howe, an ex-telephone operator in Dallas, was put into Ida's part.



Hear, hear—here's Mae West back in the limelight, starring in a new film, "Every Day's a Holiday."

Time On Your Hands

Hands make that important first impression. Be sure yours speak well for you

By Courtenay Marvin



Exotic nails for the exotic Merle Oberon, but not for everyday girls. That's a grand file, long, flexible and sharp. Below, the luncheon hour is being devoted to the dramatic Katharine Hepburn hands. They are getting a softening and finishing treatment. All hands, both work and play, need plenty of this in winter weather.

FOR several years, I've been doing some private investigation. It concerns the modern man's views on the modern woman's appearance. He has definite likes and dislikes, as you may guess. On some points he is vague. Most men cannot tell you the color of their loved ones' eyes, nor the shape of mouth and nose. But on skin, hair, figure and hands, they miss nothing. On hands, especially are men intensely sensitive.

Hands tell all to observant people. They speak eloquently of your character, habits and tastes, and there are three ways in which they speak—appearance, touch and use.

In appearance, we must think twice. We must have soft, attractive looking skin and we must have neat, well-groomed fingertips. It is hardly necessary to impress upon anyone the necessity for plenty of hand cream or lotion in a season that brings chapped, reddened and roughened results. There are so many fine preparations. We all have our favorites because of quick absorbent qualities, good results, perfume, perhaps, or handy container. The mention of container reminds me of the nice, white, squarish bottle on my desk now. It's new and it's practically accident-proof. It has grooved sides that simply cannot slip from creamy hands and a permanent stopper that it's fun to adjust. The contents are a rich, creamy lotion that does an efficient smoothing and scenting job all at once. Please never let yourself be without some emollient hand aid, especially before going out in winter weather. If you find yourself without, for the moment, use a little face cream.

How you use your preparations is often as important as *what* you use. Hands should be clean before anything is applied. Tepid water and mild soap do that. And they should be really dried—dried until they are slippery and the towel slides over them. As you dry, never forget our grandmothers' beauty secret of gently molding back cuticle. It's a good beauty habit. To apply your softener effectively, hold up your hand, as if a glove were to be fitted on it. Smooth the softener down over it, including wrist and arm. Press and mold your hand, as if shaping it more delicately, and over knuckles and joints use a rotary movement to do a better job. Always leave cream or lotion about the cuticle, if you are not applying a special cream there. For badly roughened and reddened hands, sleeping gloves are a boon. They are made for this purpose, or loose old suede or chamois make good substitutes. The soft leather seems to hold the softener better than cotton, unless specially treated. With the short sleeve so popular, arms and elbows must have attention, otherwise they will appear harsh and scaly. After hand and arm treatment, set



your elbow in a creamy palm and wriggle it about. This is helpful because the elbow is horny and cream needs to be rubbed in.

A weekly manicure is a necessity. Whether you skip out to a salon or do a neat home job is for you to decide. There probably isn't a star—at least I never met one—that couldn't do a very good self-manicure if she had to.

A friend saw "Vogues of 1938," in which Joan Bennett's small hands were adorned with red lacquer right to the tips. This friend had always gone conservatively pink-tipped because she thought her husband would prefer it. Imagine her surprise, during the picture, when he turned to her and said, "Why don't you do your nails like Joan Bennett's?" That just goes to show we can make the boys like almost anything when we do it well and gracefully.

In choosing a color, remember the occasion, your own coloring and your costume tone. You can juggle the three and come out with smart, well-groomed fingers. And it's interesting how that term "well-groomed" enters into every demand for charm and loveliness today. Hollywood scouts, in search for new talent, business personnel directors, models' agents and employers—all stress two important requirements, both of which mean the same, "refinement" and "good grooming." They're rated far above mere perfection of features.

I wonder if you've ever stopped to think that the touch of your hand acts like a clear character reading to another. Like a smile, it is genuine, warm and likeable, or it's cold, forced, insincere. Smoothness and softness alone won't give that hand others love to touch. But sincerity and honest evidence of your joy, understanding and realness will. Remember this when shaking hands. A half shake is worse than none. Make yours firm, sincere for a moment—that's all.

If you were being groomed for the movies, you'd be surprised how much time and patience would be spent in the training of your hands. Watch the stars on their use of hands and take some lessons, because most of us need them. Hepburn's dramatic hands are famous. Margo's hands speak as well as her lips, undoubtedly because she was a dancer before she went to Hollywood. Garbo, Dietrich, Lily Pons—they use their hands with telling effect, but so subtly, so artfully that you are not aware of this until you concentrate on hands. That's the way it should be.

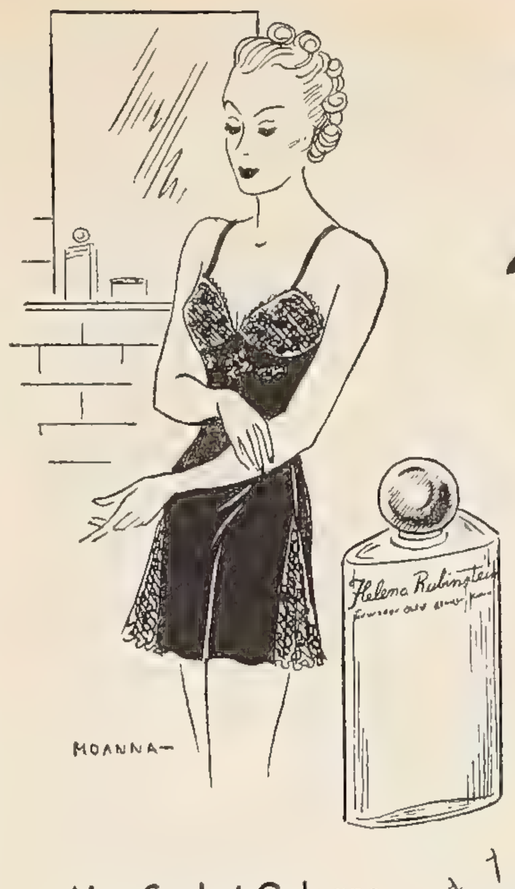
Black gloves make the hand skin look shabby. There is no smart substitute for the black glove with a black costume but there are grand washable black suede ones that may be kept so fresh by a flake bath that they will not soil the hands. I have seen these gloves after many washings, still velvety, deep black and new looking.

A few familiar situations: home hands must do lots of chores. There are savers, if you'll use them. Soap flakes, chips or beads for washing jobs from dishes to underthings, and *two* containers of cream or lotion, one for kitchen, one for bath. Use old gloves for dusting and other grimy tasks.

Secretarial, sales and other business hands are always in evidence. Keep them in the pink of grooming, but use your intuitive feminine sense to "feel" whether brilliant or subdued polish is the thing. Other things being even, promotions and demotions can depend upon some little personal point, like that.

For true sophisticates, there are now portable manicure bars that look like small cocktail affairs. They push about and offer you lacquer tones blended to your every whim. Sophisticated, too, is the idea of a drop of perfume rubbed between the palms for evening. Very, very perfuming!

Femi-nifties



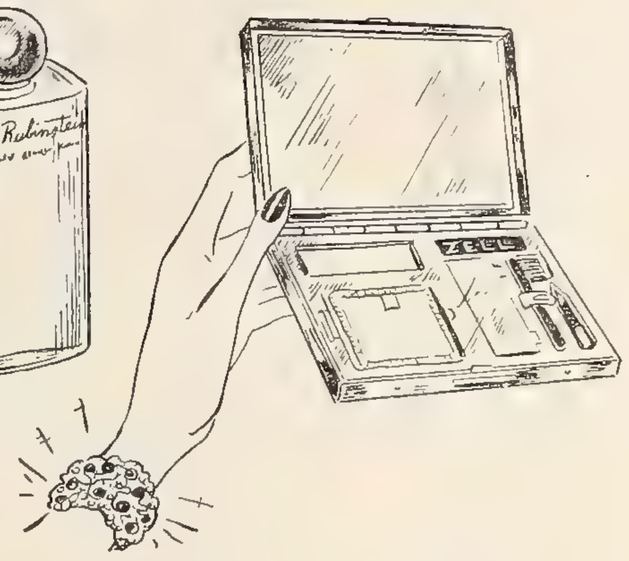
New Sachet-Cologne by Rubinstein.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, ever creating the new, gives us Sachet-Cologne, a four-purpose luxury for after-bath use. It's a pungent eau de Cologne, an invigorating body rub and conditioner, a rich body sachet with a dusting powder concentrate and a deodorant, all in one! For neck, arms and back, it gives a velvety finish—in fact, wherever it is applied, and is so easy to use. Think of the time it saves in body grooming and remember it for legs and ankles with those next-to-nothing evening stockings and sandals when bitter winter winds are blowing. For it's soothing because of a moist base. Tricky, triangular bottle with a big, gold-colored knob. A grand gift idea.

LADIES carry too many miscellaneous knick-knacks in their bags, as the boys all know. So along comes the Captivator Compact to end this situation. Hand-size, finished in rich enamel, with engraved, cloisonné or jewel motif, as you prefer. I can't imagine anyone needing more than is inside—cake or loose powder and puff, rouge and puff, lip rouge, two tones of eye shadow, mascara with brush and miniature eyebrow crayon. A fine mirror is big enough for all make-up purposes. With the Captivator, you're all set for day, night or week-end, cosmetically speaking.

YOU'RE probably on intimate terms with Linit Beauty Bath, but have you tried the Linit Magic Milk Mask? Hollywood knows the value of the mask and milk, separately, as skin beautifiers, and here is a new idea that combines the benefits of both. Use about three tablespoons of Linit, one teaspoon of cold cream and enough milk to make a consistency convenient to apply to cleansed face and neck. Apply as you would any mask and relax about twenty minutes, like our lady in the sketch, then remove with tepid water. You'll see a finer, firmer skin, soft, smooth, refreshed. Try this after a hard day when you must look your best for a sudden date!

Our Pre-Vue of New Beauty



The Captivator captivates by efficiency.



Linit Magic Milk Mask is a brand new idea.



Sophisticated, sparkling, Lelong's Penthouse Cologne.

SEM-PRAY Jo-Ve-Nay, meaning "Always Young," is an old friend. For a long time it has made mothers' skin rival that of débutante daughters' and plenty of screen names have enthusiastic words to say for it. This preparation is a cleanser, emollient, general corrector and powder base combined. Very easy to use, too, in a container that serves as a holder. The contents push up, stick-like, to come in contact with skin. Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay is protective and soothing for the children in winter and for men after a shave.

AT LAST, some of the problems on powder tone are being solved for fastidious moderns. Poudre Incarnat by Louis Philippe, maker of that very popular Louis Philippe-Angelus lipstick, introduces five new shades, two of which belong in the rachel family, two in the naturel, with the fifth going quite exotic for the extreme brunette or one who prefers unusual make-up. This, because it has been found that most of us belong in the first two classes, so now you have ample choice. A fine, smooth air-blown powder that veils you softly but does not make you look powdered. More—if you use the Louis Philippe-Angelus lipstick, and it's surprising how many professionals do, the powder tones are keyed to lipstick shades, so that make-up may have a rich harmony in depth of tone. The powder box is gold-tinted in a charming metal design, strong and substantial for constant use and cannot grow worn and shabby as less firm boxes have a way of doing.

THE cosmetics and perfumes by Lucien Lelong are as chic as are the costumes designed by this famous Frenchman. And so with these Penthouse Cologne triplets. Under a gay cover, very sky-scraperish and amusing, are gathered three generous bottles of Whisper—after that exciting perfume—Gardenia and a real eau de Cologne. The bottles are leak-proof with shaker openings, and here's refreshment, perfumery and luxury for a long time.

How Crawford Keeps Glamorous

Continued from page 31

every single second of being an actress. All the world acclaim, the glamor and the excitement of being a movie star have never ceased to thrill her. She milks every moment dry of its importance. Every time she starts a picture, every time she faces a radio audience, every time she sits for portraits there is that same grim determination, that breathless enthusiasm, as if it actually had never happened before. It couldn't be any different even if she wanted it to be. Joan has long since become a Hollywood legend. If ever there has been a movie star, it is Joan Crawford, who comes from the stuff of which actresses are made.

When you stop to think of it, Hollywood should be eternally grateful to Joan. How few actresses there are who live up to the traditions of the make-believe world. How few there are who supply that fascination the colorful life of an actress represents. But Joan never lets us down. She puts on a magnificent show, just as all the glamorous women of theatrical history used to do. And she has a wonderful time doing it. There is one possible flaw in the picture, if you can call it that. The very things that actresses were hailed for in another era, are the very things that Hollywood frowns on and brands with disapproval.

Unfortunately for Joan, she rose to great fame in a town that reeks of provincial unreality. Being a sensitive person Joan has struggled between resigning herself to the mediocrity of the average Hollywood actress' life or living within the colorful confines of her own creative world. As a result, Joan has been ridiculed, often misjudged, sometimes disliked and many times offended. She has been accused of taking it all too seriously. But just *try* and get her to take it any other way. Some of her stories haven't been as good as Joan would like them to be. But she always compensates in some way.

In spite of her almost super-sophistication, there is a sentimental side to Joan's nature that is remindful of a small town girl just starting out in life. I remember when the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard was taken over for broadcasting purposes, Joan went on a program. She had invited me to see the show from the wings and I was to meet her in her dressing-room. Much to my surprise, I found her in the small dressing-room at the end of the backstage hall, rather than the large front one usually allotted the star. Just before she went on the air. Joan explained why.

"I just couldn't take that room," she said. "It would have been sacrilegious on my part. The last time I was in there Paul Bern took me backstage to meet Pauline Frederick, who was appearing in a play. Miss Frederick had always been a great ideal of mine and I hoped some day to be as fine an actress as she is.

"I shall never forget that meeting. Miss Frederick held my hand and gave me wonderful encouragement. She told me to keep my chin up and if I felt I could accomplish things, never to allow anyone or anything to destroy that thought. I never have. And I've never forgotten her kindness to me."

The name of Paul Bern naturally brings to mind the tragedy of Jean Harlow. After Paul Bern's death Joan never would speak of it. He was a great friend to her when she needed a friend. His loss was a great one. Joan and Jean Harlow never knew each other very well. They had met once at a party, long before either had achieved the golden touch of success. Working on the same lot they naturally came in contact with each other. They always spoke but each went her separate way. There was no particular reason why they should have become great friends. But the stories of a feud were greatly exaggerated, as Hollywood exaggerates all rumors.

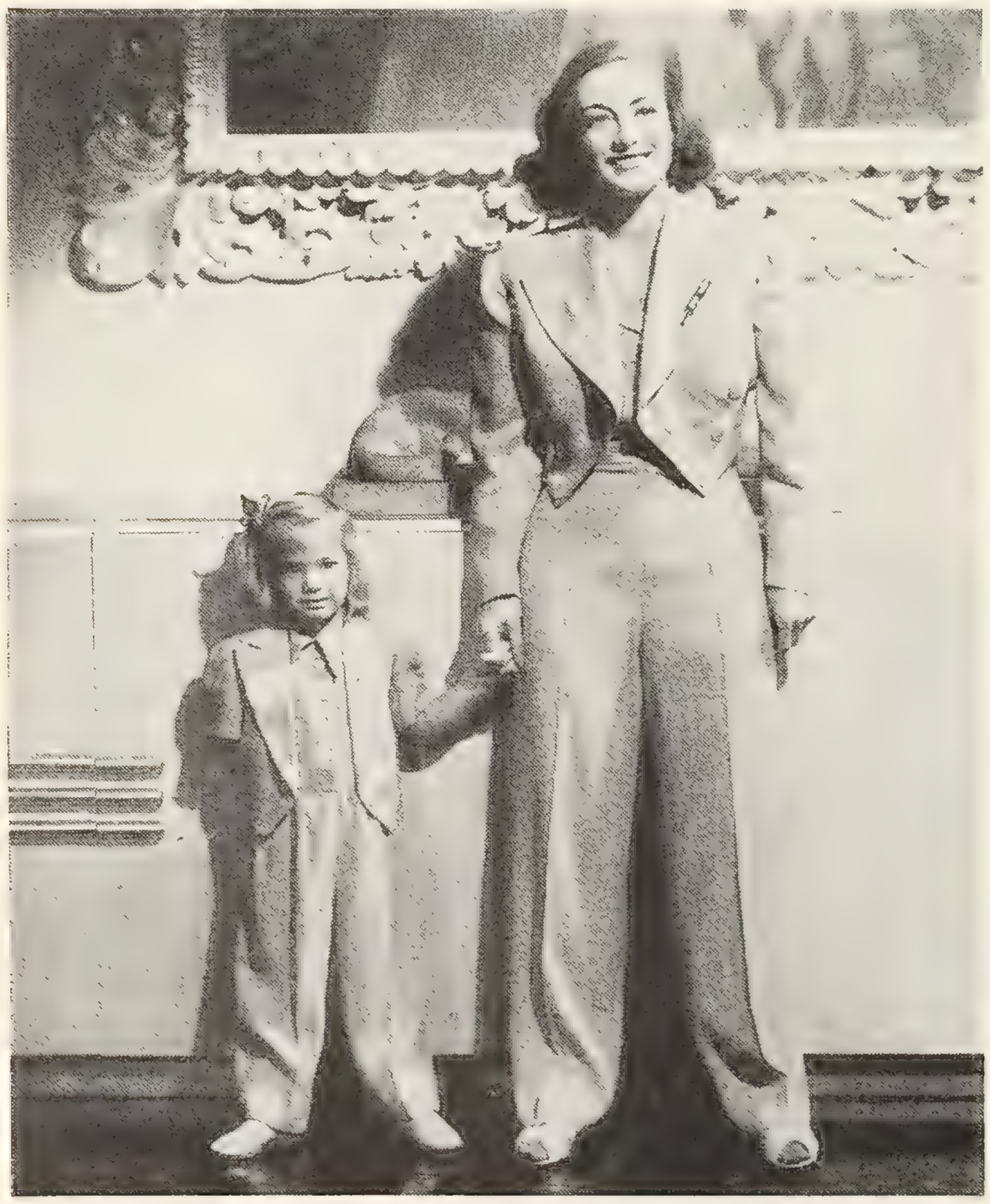


Crawford chic, illustrated in a recently photographed close-up.

One day, Franchot who was working with Jean Harlow, came over on Joan's set. When he explained that the company were through for the day because Jean was ill, Joan ran right over to see if there was anything she could do. Joan and Jean met just outside the sound-stage door. Joan offered Jean some nerve tablets that she sometimes used. Jean explained that she had her own but they would not help. That night Joan received a beautiful box of flowers. Attached was a note of thanks from Jean Harlow. A few days later Joan asked Jean to come for dinner. At the time Jean couldn't keep the date. She never lived to accept a second invitation.

Certain people are born to lead in this world. And certain ones are born to follow. It requires no master stroke of brilliancy to determine in which class Joan belongs. She has defied the time-worn traditions of conventional living with the same ease that a duck flicks water from its back. She establishes a precedent and flees from its limitations. For example, when all the pink and white blondes were being selected as typical Hollywood beauties, Joan went out and par-boiled herself in the sun. Her mahogany-colored skin and freckle-spattered face were copied by girls all over the nation. Thousands of grateful letters poured in from freckle-faced girls, whose own inferiority had magically disappeared when Joan established the homely freckle as a mark of beauty. In the meantime Joan proceeded to bleach herself out and become as pale and interesting as the fragile heroine of "La Boheme."

Joan was one of the first to wear men's tailored slacks. But one day she awakened to the realization that femininity had hit a new low. From then on she turned from slacks and is never seen in public unless she is the last word in sartorial splendor. The freedom the slack-wearing craze brought to Hollywood resulted in an informality that was nothing short of slovenliness. Tourists depart from Hollywood with weird stories of having seen five-



Hollywood's glamor girl in the rôle she plays with such zest and pleasure in private life—that of "Aunt Joan," idol of her niece, Joan LeSueur, aged 3. Aunt Joan had a slacks ensemble just like her own made for Niece Joan, and was that little girl proud! Especially when this picture was taken.

thousand-dollar-a-week actresses shopping in filthy dungarees and spotted shoes. You will hear that some of your favorite glamor girls can be seen in any corner drug store, their faces bearing unmistakable signs of a recent mayonnaise massage. Leo the Lion might easily turn green with envy at the hirsute appearance of some of your dream girls, who comb their hair with electric fans.

But Joan always gives them their money's worth. At home Joan's dressing-room is equipped with every known kind of boon to beauty. She has a practical manicure table, complete with electric light and wheels. She owns her own store-sized drier for her hair. She has dozens of shelves of shoes, each shelf for a different color. She has every width and color of ribbon by the bolt. She has several closets filled with dresses, and yet with Joan it never ceases to be a problem when it comes to making a selection. Being right for an occasion and looking her best for it means as much to Joan as giving a fine performance. Once when she was invited to the Frank Borzage anniversary party, I saw Joan sit down and sew new jet buttons on a dress, because she wanted to wear this particular dress, but she wanted it to look different. Yet she could have closed her eyes, gone to her closet and blindly selected any one of a number of dresses and looked equally well. Another time I remember Joan gave a dinner party and wore a breath-taking vermilion crepe dress with a white cala lily pattern. She looked so beautiful, it was just impossible to say anything about it. Later on she asked me if her dress was ugly, because it had gone unnoticed. I pointed out that she always looked her best and one got so used to it, she'd have to look her worst, in order to rate special attention.

Other women might want to look like Joan but they aren't willing or they don't enjoy going to such meticulous extremes. With Joan it is almost a hobby. And of course she is oftimes resented. I've seen her enter a room and each woman present becomes conscious of a hat that is off-slant. Or a hem suddenly becomes uneven. The men present suddenly remember to do all the nice little things. The ones that most women never look for. The ones that Joan always expects. I've been in rooms where other actresses walk all over the place trying to find a match for a cigarette. Yet the click of Joan's cigarette case automatically brings a dozen different lights, from a dozen different directions.

During the years that Joan has been criticized and maligned, she has never ceased to be a good sport. And even if she does appear to take it all pretty seriously, she knows when to keep her tongue in her cheek. She proved what a humorous perspective she has when her publicity department asked her to meet a group of Middle-West politicians. Over a period of years Joan has always been the one who is so willing to co-operate when it comes to posing with visiting firemen and shaking hands with the "Apple Polishers' Union of America." Garbo just didn't have visitors on her set. And it usually worked out that Norma Shearer's sets were closed on the particular days there were visitors on the lot.

But on this particular day Joan was tired. Everything had gone wrong and to cap the climax, on to the set walked the little group of politicians. Joan blew up and point-blank refused to come over and act cordial. The publicity department was in a dither. They explained to Joan that they had already said how charming and gracious she was. What were they to say now?

"Just tell them," flipped Joan, "that there's *another* new Crawford."



Patricia Ellis wears navy blue, with trimming of white kid.

On another occasion, Joan pulled an amusing disappearance act. She was at the Trocadero and excused herself to go make a phone call. When she didn't come back Franchot began to worry. He went to the phone booth and she wasn't there. So Franchot asked Barbara Stanwyck, who was in the party, to see if Joan was in the powder room. Sure enough, she was there. And busily engaged in helping Margot Grahame sew a broken strap on her low-cut evening gown. Joan had never met Margot before in all her life. When she walked in and saw the difficult time Margot was having, Joan offered to give her a helping hand.

Speaking of Barbara Stanwyck, one naturally wonders about her friendship with Joan. For five years they lived right across the street from each other. They had met but their lives had taken such a completely opposite course, a close friendship had never developed. When Barbara left Frank Fay, Joan realized that she must be facing a terrific ordeal. So Joan sent a message and asked if they couldn't meet again.

Soon Barbara was driving all the way out from Beverly Hills where she had moved, to Joan's house in Brentwood Heights. Across the street stood the home that Barbara Stanwyck left behind her, where Fay was now living. It's strange that all the time they could have seen each other on a moment's notice, it couldn't work out. But today they are the closest of friends. Joan is very devoted to Barbara. Outside of Franchot's picture, Barbara's is the only other one that Joan displays in her home.

In many ways Joan and Barbara, who have had the same struggle for success, are faced with similar problems. Both are highly sensitive, hard-working, independent personalities. Both are extremely loyal to their friends, expecting little from friendship, willing to give twice as much in return. They are very good for each other, because when Joan tries to help Barbara, she is actually helping herself. When Barbara recognizes certain traits in Joan's nature, she recognizes them because they also belong to her. Barbara is so emotionally equipped that in acting she finds escape from reality. But she only seeks that escape through the medium of her work. The rest of the time she retires to her own little world. Joan, with her great beauty, her flair for life and living, was meant and does belong to the world at all times.

There are many people who have helped Joan along the way in her career and these people come first in her heart. Any time Joan has had furniture made, alterations on her home, decorations to be bought, she has always patronized William Haines. From time to time people have come to Joan and urged her to patronize some other decorator. Joan has always given them the same answer.

"Bill Haines was a star when I was trying to make good. He gave me a chance in his picture and I have never forgotten it. Bill's business is going wonderfully well. He doesn't even need me for a customer, but I still would never go to anyone else, as long as Bill will do the work for me."

I remember too how sad Joan was when Renee Adorée passed away. Joan had not known her but she was captivated by Renée's zest for life. When it became necessary to sell the Adorée jewelry to pay doctor bills, Joan asked to buy it. Her ambition was to make Renée a present of her treasures when she was well and strong again.

When the ill-fated Pickfair was put up for sale, an enterprising agent came to Joan and asked her why she didn't buy it. Back in his mind was the thought that Joan had once been refused admission there, when she became the bride of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It could have been a moment of triumph for Joan—if there is any triumph in sifting dead ashes. Joan shook her head wisely and the look on her face more than told what a long, long way she had traveled from those days when a date at Pickfair had seemed so important.

Joan's enthusiasm isn't strictly confined to her personal efforts. It involves material, financial and spiritual aid as well. When Joan isn't busy making monogrammed petit-point for Billie Burke, she is trying to find out why Della Lind (her newest friend) hasn't been given a chance to sing, when she was brought from Vienna almost a year ago. One day finds Joan putting up the money to establish her hairdresser in business. The next day she's trying to encourage Alan Curtis, her new leading man, who hasn't been able to quite relax in front of the camera.

When Frank Borzage learned he was to direct Joan in "Mannequin," he naturally asked to meet her as soon as possible. They talked for a long time and Frank kept gazing inquiringly at Joan. The first day they started shooting, Frank said:

"You know, I have a feeling that we have met before. Of course I've often seen you on the screen. But it seems to me that I've known you personally, too."

"Do you remember a girl you tested when you were looking for someone to play *Diane* in 'Seventh Heaven'?" Joan reminisced. "Well, I was that girl. I wanted that part so badly, but of course you said I wouldn't do. When my studio sent me over to make that test, they told me if I didn't get the part, they were going to loan me out to Tom Mix for a picture. It just so happened that they didn't because they had something else for me. But I made up my mind that someday you *would* want to direct me in a picture!"

Part of Joan's equipment is her vivid



Dolores Costello, very modern and modish, returns to the screen.

imagination. There is an over-compensating quality in her nature which is another reason why Joan gives you your money's worth as an actress. Joan is never quite satisfied with things—just as they are. Through her eyes and emotions they must become enhanced. Oftimes I tell Joan the newest story of the moment. She immediately repeats it to someone else. But she doesn't tell the same story at all! She gives it her own version, but it doesn't matter. Most of the time hers is so much better. Recently Joan decided that her hair would photograph better if it were red. So she made it red. But just a little more red than anyone else. Joan was one of the first to wear blood-red polish on her hands and toes. When others started doing it, Joan switched to flesh pink. Originally Joan started the fad of wearing a braid on the side of her head. When other actresses began to sport a braid, Joan unbraided hers and tied it with a tiny bow. When the bow was taken up, Joan put gardenias in her hair. The gardenia phase became a symbol, and even though they still remain her favorite flower, Joan took up the lowly white carnation.

Joan's flair for fads manifested itself recently when she purchased glasses. Joan bought them to wear at pictures and in the theatre, because she found the constant strain gave her slight headaches. Instead of resenting the fact that she had to wear glasses, Joan was delighted. She could hardly wait to get to a place where she was supposed to put them on. To her they were the same as a new toy to a child. What's more, after Joan began wearing her glasses sooner or later she'd ask anyone she met if he or she wore glasses too. If she received a negative answer, Joan almost shook her head sympathetically and conveyed that they really were missing something!

There has been a great deal said about Joan's singing. Actually she takes lessons because she enjoys it. And she is anxious to sing. Beyond that Joan has not committed herself. When the studio suggested that Joan sing something classical for the screen, Joan pleaded that she could not and was not ready to sing for an audience. Unless you were a close friend of Joan and understood that she was still in the experimental stage, nary a note could you get out of her. Then one night Joan went dancing at the Trocadero with a party of friends.

Joan was looking unusually beautiful this night. And she was feeling unusually well. Being Crawford, she just couldn't let it go at that. Suddenly without warning a voice filled the room. Joan, dancing by the bandstand, had quite unexpectedly pulled the microphone over and stood there singing away with perfect ease. When she finished the song the applause was deafening. Joan bowed graciously and acted as if it had all been part of the day's work. If the management had come up to her table and asked her to get up and sing, Joan probably would have been running yet.

Joan didn't start the gadget bracelet craze in Hollywood. And she didn't take up the style until every other actress had collected hundreds of amusing little ornaments. Then just as the interest was beginning to die down, Joan started to collect miniature hearts. She had them of gold, platinum, enamel and crystal. One had a tiny diamond in the center. Another was decorated with hand-painted forget-me-nots. Joan was pleased because her gadget bracelet was different. Invariably she is criticized for her ever-changing innovations. But in the meantime everyone else follows suit.

Joan delights in being first with the latest. I've seen her tear out an ad from the New York papers and air-mail the illustration with her check. Therefore Joan always has the newest, whether it is girdles or gramophones. Burgess Meredith accompanied me out to Joan's one night, when he was making a picture in Hollywood. On the way home I remember Burgess remarked that two of the most glamorous women he has ever known, Katharine Cornell and Joan Crawford, both own Dachshunds. And looked like they should own Dachshunds.

When the fans fight for her autograph, when the police have to get her through the crowds, Joan really gets a huge kick out of it. There have been times too, when she has been too nice to people through the impulsiveness of her generous nature. Had she used better judgment she wouldn't be cascaded to the depths of despair. But Joan never seems to learn a lesson. That is, she won't turn her back on her own emotion or cease to help people if she thinks she can do them any good. It never occurs to her that there are some people you *never* can do any good for. But she must be right because she keeps right on going ahead. People keep on going to see her pictures. And she seems to thrive on all the things a less dynamic person might never rise above.

I shall never forget a conversation I had with Helen Hayes, who is one of Joan's greatest admirers. Helen was visiting Hollywood and I had called for her to drive her out to Joan's house for dinner. As we drove along Helen confided that she would rather go to Joan's house than almost any other actress in Hollywood. Helen asked why anyone would criticize Joan or censure her for the very things that make an actress exciting. To Helen, Joan personifies everything that an actress should be. She feels that it is almost a tragedy that Joan wasn't born in another era, when actresses were expected to have the kind of fire, emotion, and imagination that swayed rulers of Empires. According to Helen, Joan was born to sleep in glass coffins and make spectacular entrances. She feels that Hollywood should be grateful to Joan for her struggle against the commonplace and her endless effort toward making the career of an actress as colorful and fascinating as the make-believe world should be. There are far too few actresses today who live up to their own tradition—and actually give you your money's worth.

Once Over Lightly

Continued from page 26

"Speaking of 'Souls At Sea,' though, reminds me of the uproar that was created at Paramount when I dashed over to Bill's a little too soon during the shooting of that picture. The final shot was supposed to have been made, the company was dismissed and, as usual, I beat it over to Bill's for my reward. Snip, snip snip went the shears, and shah, shah shah went the razor, all to my very great delight. As Harry neared the completion of the job the 'phone rang and Bill answered. He was very attentive for a few seconds, then, looking over at Harry and me with a most grave expression he dropped the receiver bluntly and shouted, 'Hey! Hold everything! Cut it out!—I mean, don't cut it! Hold it!' When he was able to regain his breath he went on to explain that it was a call from Paramount's production department and advice had come through that there would be retakes the next day. I was to report on the lot for the extra shooting. Looking down at the pile of hair on the floor, my heart missed a beat as I thought of the reception I'd probably get from Director Henry Hathaway when I appeared on the set, *sans* hair and *sans* whiskers. As it turned out, a wig was made which was passable, but while the wig-maker was trying to match my hair Paramount lost several hours' shooting time and consequently several thousand dollars."

Bill's long-time customer is well-wearing, smiling Dick Arlen. Dick has been coming to Bill Ring's for his hair-cuts since 1924, and, incidentally, in all that time has had but two of the establishment's men do his work. Like Crosby, Dick doesn't care how they cut his hair as long as they get it done, and, as he puts it, "as long as they get it out of my ears." Dick relaxes in the chair, and is easy to work on. As patriarch of Bill Ring's group of clients, Dick has the following to say: "I've been kicked all over Hollywood in the course of my jagged movie career, but when things get tough I feel that I can always go into Bill's and get a sympathetic hearing. If not from one of the gang, there's always Bill



Barber shop blues! Spencer Tracy gets 'em it seems, above.



George Murphy beats the boredom of sessions in the barber chair by keeping busy. He "gets the works," clip, manicure, and all, and talks to pals by phone.

Star-Dust Baby

Continued from page 63

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Katrine Mollineaux (real name Katie Malloy) orders her press agent, Bill Naughton, to find her a baby to adopt—"it will be headline publicity for me," she argues. The "baby" Bill brings is a boy, about 8 years old. Furious, Katrine tells Bill he must return the lad to the orphanage. The agent says that's impossible, and tells Katrine how the lad got the black eye that adds to Peter's disheveled appearance. He got it, Bill informs her, "defending you against slurs by another boy." Little affected by this show of devotion, Katrine tells Naughton she may have to keep the lad for a while, "but that doesn't mean I'll like him." Now catch up with the story.

to fall back on. He has yet to fail me as a listener to tales of woe."

Joe Penner does a lot of thinking while he's in the chair. According to Bill, Joe puts on a serious expression, says nothing, but just as it looks as though he's going to go to sleep comes out with some crack that sends a ripple of laughter clear out to the sidewalk. According to Joe he is Bill's prize sucker, and has an almost pathological lack of sales resistance. "I wonder what Bill's going to sell me today?" is the expression Penner is known by around the shop. (Bill Ring is one of Hollywood's leading pipe and tobacco merchants, also sells tooth-brushes, razors, smokers' equipment and general gadgets).

Stu Erwin serves the dual function of keeping Bill Ring's marble games going on merrily and bringing in all the very latest dope on football, baseball, the horses; and the beauties, health-giving qualities and charm of the Sierra Mountains (where Stu was born—and proud of it.)

The title of fussiest patron of Bill Ring's has been contested about evenly between William Powell and Adolphe Menjou. Precise and demanding in the matter of the welfare of his hair, moustache, and finger-nails, Bill Powell is as pleasant as possible during the maneuvers, but still insists that the work be done in a certain way. "It's a toss-up," says Ring, "as to who uses the hand-mirror more often during a session here, Bill Powell or Menjou. However, I think I'll give Powell the edge on points, for Bill not only uses the hand-mirror to excess but also at times stands up in order to get a better view. But still I like him," Bill Ring appended.

All that has been said about Powell applies generally to Menjou, with the exception that, when everything is going well, Menjou will soften up and talk about his dogs. "We hold against him particularly," remarked Charlie, the youngest of the tonsorial artists, "the holiness of his moustache. Never, since he has been coming here, has he allowed any one of us to lay hand, scissors, or razor to that sacred turf."

"But still," rejoined Bill Ring, "we all like him."

The fidgety customers, according to Bill, are most noticeably Fred MacMurray, all of the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Paul Lukas, and Producer Lubitsch. On account of their long legs, Vic McLaglen, Andy Devine, and W. C. Fields are added to the list. For these high-strung Hollywoodites the barber-chair seems to be designed as a source of discomfort, rather than a place to relax.

Contrasted to the fidgeters, Bill boasts of such prize relaxers as Melvyn Douglas, Lloyd Nolan, Kent Taylor, Bob Burns, Mischa Auer, Pat O'Brien, "Skeets" Gallager and Jack Mulhall.

Of the gregarious clients, W. C. Fields, Jack Benny, Groucho Marx, and Eddie Cantor stand out. Whether it is that these gentlemen have a lot of talking to do, or that they have some lagging childhood fear of having their tonsorial needs attended to without company may never be known. The fact remains that only rarely are these stalwarts seen alone in a barber-shop.

"Although we have never, to my memory," said Bill, "been favored with any *Adeline*-singing quartets in our shop, such foursomes as Ben Bernie, Walter Winchell, Mack Gordon, and Harry Revel, and, believe it or not, Einstein, Count Tolstoy, Jack Dempsey, and Thomas Meighan have been frequenters (without definite purpose) of our establishment."

Occasionally Bill receives off-campus calls, in answer to which he is always willing to oblige. Outstanding of such summonses was the job that called for Charlie to go out and shave W. C. Fields at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital during his rather recent illness. With all the pain and discomfort that were wracking the fibers of the ailing buffoon, Bill Fields was still able to come out with the statement: "Charlie, I believe that is by far the *worst*, the *dullest* razor that has ever come in contact with my epidermis."

Going to the Paramount lot to answer a call from Cecil B. DeMille, this same Charlie received the compliment of his life. Said Cecil DeMille when Charlie had finished, "That, my boy, is the best haircut I have ever had. Why hadn't I been told about your place before?" Charlie didn't know how to answer, but went back to the shop throbbing with the DeMille praises.

"And that," observed Bill Ring, "is the last we ever heard from Cecil DeMille!

"We thought we were going to have Charlie McCarthy to work on the other day," (Bill's expression was that of unrequited hope) "when Ed Bergen brought him in under his arm. We were disappointed, though, for Bergen simply stepped up to the smokers' counter, bought a cigar, and walked out. Oh well, maybe someday we'll get McCarthy's business."

of a proper—or improper one. After a moment Katrine went on.

"That's what gripes me," she said. "You can't divorce a kid—not ever." She paused. "But as soon as the fireworks have stopped, I can send Peter to a boarding school in the east. I can make arrangements to have them keep him during vacations, too—"

Bill said to that: "I'll take care of Peter's vacations—" but Katrine shook her head. "No," she said, "I won't have you spoiling him. In fact, Bill, I think you spend too much time with Peter already! I was going to talk to you about it."

Bill was stung to answer. "Do you want to isolate the kid entirely?" he asked. "He likes me, and he's crazy for affection and he gets thinner every day. If you ask me, you won't have to worry about boarding schools—or vacations or anything else—if this goes on!"

Katrine looked at Bill with level eyes. "Are you accusing me of being mean to the kid," she said, "and not giving him every luxury? Now, Bill—"

Bill answered, "There's such a thing as mental cruelty. I saw that business with the flowers a week or so ago. Peter got up long before breakfast to pick them—"

Katrine queried, "What flowers?"

Bill told her, "Don't pull that innocent line on me! I mean the bouquet he brought you—the one you threw away because you happened to be feeling cussed. Peter'll carry a black and blue spot on his soul because of that!"

"Balogney," Katrine objected. "You're making a mountain out of a mole hill. Peter probably found the weeds in a gutter. They were more'n half dead."

Bill said: "He'd been holding them in a hot little paw, trying to get up the nerve to give them to you. Katie, I hate you sometimes!"

Katrine went to a nearby vase and took from it an orchid, not quite fresh.

"Here's a posey. If you like 'em this way, Bill, you can press it—and put it in your memory book."

Bill stared at the slim hand holding the flower. The smooth nails of it were tinted with a new rusty shade. Bill loathed the color—it was too much like drying blood to be funny.

"I really do hate you," he heard himself repeating, "you've got something clammy back of your smile. You've got a two-edged sword in your voice. You've—"

Katrine said, "Go on! Do!"

Bill growled, "I will. I hate you and I wish I'd never seen you in my whole life—"

Katrine drawled, "Do you indeed? I

wonder where you'd have been today, if you'd never seen me. Ever think of that, Bill?"

Bill had thought of it. Too often, of late. He replied, very low, "I was getting along when you took me on to do publicity."

Getting along . . . Katrine, looking at Bill, giggled. "I seem to remember," she said, "that you were doing some advertising copy for a cut-rate gents clothing store on Avenue B . . . Radio was coming in, about then—you were hoping to meet somebody who cleaned spittoons for one of the smaller broadcasting companies. Once you were a newsboy, weren't you?"

Bill told her: "I owned a third interest in a swell little newsstand."

Katrine giggled again. "Oh, sure," she said. "You were going to get reckless and put in a line of chewing gum and penny candy, weren't you?"

Bill interrupted. "Listen here, Katie," he said, "you were just starting, yourself, when I began to do your publicity. We came along together. A newsboy—and a hoofer with more figure than brains. You gave me a break, but I got you lineage in the papers. It was just about even—"

"It isn't any more," said Katrine. Just that.

Sometimes eyes can stare into other eyes for so long that they get locked, almost. Bill Naughton had finally to wrench his eyes from Katrine's gaze.

"I guess you're right," he said. "Almost any half-baked publicity man could get you what you want—now."

Katrine nodded slowly. "You said it!" she told Bill. "And I wouldn't have to go to night school, or learn to fly, or adopt kids."

Bill laughed. "This is a joke on both of us," he said. "Am I fired, or do I resign?"

Katrine put out a hesitant hand toward Bill. The movement was involuntary—with a little annoyed exclamation she snatched it back again.

"If it would make you feel better about it," she said, "you can resign."

"Thanks!" said Bill. He didn't have time to say any more, for Peter stood in the doorway, looking at Katrine with the sad gaze that a certain Borzoi had once worn.

"There's a man to see you," he said. "Kito wasn't around and the man asked me to announce him. It's the Frenchman."

Bill began to laugh. He said, "Some day Katie'll be making a butler out of you, Peter! He laughed all the way down the corridor until he almost collided with the little Count. Then he jammed his hat hard down on his head and swore and walked rapidly along the avenue, bordered with palm trees, that led to Katrine Mollincaux's front gate.

Back in the drawing room Peter stood twisting his fingers together. Instinctively he knew that something was wrong, but he didn't know just what it was. After a long minute he spoke: "Uncle Bill left in a hurry, didn't he?" he said.

Katrine surveyed him coldly. "Yes," she said, "and it's a pity some others couldn't take a lead from him. You picked a fine time to come barging in, Peter."

Peter spoke in his own defense. "But the man sent me."

Katrine said, ignoring the defense, "If you had the sense of a rabbit you'd have told him I was out—the Frenchman, I mean."

Peter answered, "But I couldn't. I *knew* you were in."

Katrine had a wild desire to shake the child until his teeth rattled. She found that she was mentally cataloging all sorts of things, obscure and unobscure, that had annoyed her since the hour of his coming. The initial disappointment, the way in which he had absorbed Bill Naughton's interest, the unexpected devotion of the Japanese servants, the hurt expression that came into his eyes when she spoke sharply, even the stray kitten that she hadn't let him keep. She said suddenly and vehemently, "Darn it all, Peter—you're just a pain in the neck to me!"

Peter hardly ever answered back; it wasn't a part of his code of acceptance. This time, however, he broke an established rule.

"Why?" he asked. "Why am I—a pain in the neck?"

Katrine, meeting the child's wide, intent gaze, found the question a trifle difficult to answer.

"I guess it's because I don't like little boys," she said at last.

Peter's shoulders seemed to straighten in a dreadful, unchildlike way, beneath the hand-sewn linen of his blouse.

"But you like me, don't you?" he queried. "Even when you're cross—you like me? Even though I am—a boy?"

Katrine found all at once that she was embarrassed, and it was a long while since she had been embarrassed by any male person. Out of the embarrassment she spoke.

"No, I don't like you," she said, "everything's been ga-ga since you got here. Bill and I were getting along fine—just like we always had. Nobody butted in, and nobody made me look cheap."

Peter's voice was so unsteady that it fairly ached. "I don't sort of—understand," he said.

Katrine told him bluntly, "Then you must be even dumber than you look," she said. "I should think a kid half your age would get it. I don't want you—and I never did—and that's that!"

Peter was biting his underlip again, as he had on the day of his arrival. His voice, when he finally spoke, was no longer steady. It was, in fact, almost blurred.

"If you don't want me, an' never did," he asked, "why'd you take me?"

Katrine said, "I didn't take you, Peter. You were wished on me by darling Uncle Bill. It was all a gag."

Peter whispered, "A gag?"

Katrine laughed. She didn't know that her laughter was nearly as unsteady as Peter's voice.

"You're too young to know what a gag is," she told the child. "For gosh sakes, beat it before I say anything I'll be sorry for!"

Peter didn't speak again. He swung on the heel of his flat, English-cut sandal, and went very quietly from the room. It was only as he passed through the doorway that Katrine became aware of the not very large man who stood there amusedly watching.



Jack Haley and Phyllis Brooks in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

"Who told you to come in?" she asked sharply of the French Count, named Bertrand. "You're a swell guy to stand in a doorway and listen to a private conversation."

The Count interrupted. "I followed the boy," said the Count, "I couldn't help hearing—"

Katrine's eyes were narrowed as she surveyed her suitor. "You didn't try to help hearing!" she said. "You're a slimy little goof—"

The Count laughed. "And you are utterly charming when you are in a rage, Katrine," he said.

Katrine's voice was a snarl. "You think so?" she asked. "You're so bright you ought to be one of the arc lights on the Boulevard!"

The Count was not adroit at reading danger signals. Besides, he had for a month been warmed by the golden color of Katrine's favors. He said, "The child is very unattractive. I do not blame you for disliking him."

Katrine heard her own voice speaking. It was so different from her own voice that she scarcely recognized it.

"And now you're being psychic," she said. "Who told you that I dislike Peter?"

The Count laughed. "You said it yourself," he remarked placidly. "You said it to the child. *Mon dieu*, I thought he was going to faint! It pleased me to hear you express yourself, Katrine. I, too, dislike children. But *intensely!*"

Suddenly Katrine Mollineaux was blazingly angry. Angrier than she had ever been in her life, to date. Somehow she found herself blaming this blandly amused Frenchman for the way in which she had hurt Peter, and the breaking of her long association with Bill, and a million other disconnected things.

"So you dislike children, too, do you!" she raged. "You little bum! You little half-pint so-and-so! Why—" there was the sound of a smack, so sharp that it might have been an echo from a lost but glorious Fourth of July, and the Count stepped back, nursing a crimson cheek.

"But, *cherie*, you said—"

Katrine screamed, "It's none of your business what I said! You take it on the lam before I have you kicked out!"

The Count went rapidly—fear stamped, with the mark of five glaring fingers, on his face. It was only after he had entirely vanished that Katrine began to cry. When the tears became a torrent, she threw herself upon the floor and beat against the thick piled oriental rug with clenched, impotent fists . . .

(To Be Continued)



Martha Raye whoops it up in "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty



"Smooths lines out marvelously — makes texture seem finer,"
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.
famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 7S-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



SKINNY ? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS NEW EASY WAY

Posed by professional models



NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

— gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new, costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate —thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, new pep and new charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. So successful has it been that you'll probably find cheap "Iron and Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.

"Man-Proof"

Continued from page 59

"MAN-PROOF"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

CAST

Mimi Swift.....Myrna Loy
Jimmy Kilmartin.....Franchot Tone
Elizabeth Kent.....Rosalind Russell
Alan Wythe.....Walter Pidgeon
Florence.....Rita Johnson
Meg Swift.....Nana Bryant
Jane.....Ruth Hussey
Bob.....Leonard Penn
Tommy Gaunt.....John Miljan

Director: Richard Thorpe. Producer: Louis D. Lighton.

Screen play by Vincent Lawrence. Waldemar Young and George Oppenheimer from a book by Fanny Heaslip Lea.

away from herself. And Jimmy had lived long enough to know it would be useless to try to stop her from drinking the champagne she turned to so eagerly. He wished he could do something for her. She was so super, and she was so young, too, and so vulnerable.

But he couldn't keep her from the champagne, nor from the bitterness, nor even from that last talk with Alan. Elizabeth, dressing in her going-away clothes, heard Mimi's voice outside in the corridor as she hailed Alan. Funny, she had thought she would gloat over Mimi today, for the race had been much too close for comfort. But she hadn't been able to, not with Mimi's eyes looking at her.

"I'm sorry for that crack I made downstairs," Mimi said, and Elizabeth moved into her dressing-room so that she wouldn't hear the pain in her voice. "I was trying to be smart. It wasn't so hot."

"It was all right," Alan said uncomfortably.

"No. No, it wasn't." Mimi's hands twisted. "Listen, Alan, the losing lover must be a lovely loser. She had a big part in this play and now she's got to get the curtain down."

"You're lovely enough, Mimi," he said slowly.

"Sure." She made a horrible grimace of an attempted smile. "That's why you married me." She waited, hoping for words she could hold to her heart and remember afterwards, but Alan said nothing and she went on desperately. "Well, congratulations —and I hope you'll be happy."

"I know you do, dear," Alan said shamefacedly.

"And you will!" Mimi swayed a little. "She's worth marrying and the job her father is giving you is worth a million."

Alan shook his head. "The wine is a funny fellow. Imagine *you* talking like that."

"I'm not a nice girl, Alan." Mimi looked at him steadily. "I tried every trick in the bag to be the bride! But I'm this nice, I'm perfectly willing to warn you: when you return, I wouldn't have anything to do with a girl like me. I would put the seven seas between us and wish there were eight!" And then she turned and ran away.

It was Jimmy who found her late that night after Meg had called him in a frenzy. She was sitting at the bar in the tenth night club he had gone to in search of her, her floppy bridesmaid's hat hanging limply from her hand.

He tried to be casual, but she was so sunk that it didn't make any difference what his approach was.

"Congratulations," he tried another line. "Because you almost won that guy and didn't. Wouldn't *that* have been a fancy marriage, with a man who has no dough! What would you have lived on, I ask you?"

"I'll tell you what I think," she edged away from him, "when Alan comes back, you can bet all the cartoons you can draw in a year I'll be waiting for him and—"

"Ah, now you're talking, lassie," Jimmy grinned derisively. "Listen, he doesn't need a guardian, that lad. He'll get a piece of change out of her all for his own." Suddenly his voice changed, became almost gentle. "I know you're having a bad time, Mimi. And I know it's no good to say, I don't think love is worth suffering for. Not any love I've ever seen isn't. All I've ever seen is the kind that's all around us and, for my dough, the real thing is something that grows too high on a tree for us to reach."

Funny, how Mimi remembered that speech of Jimmy's the next morning and how her lips twisted remembering it and remembering other things too. For a long time she lay there loathing herself and the champagne that had festered her unhappiness into that galling bitterness. She tried to smile when her mother came, much more matter of fact than she felt, to say goodbye before making her train into the city.

"Aren't you going to say something?" Mimi asked wistfully. "Haven't you any sense of duty? You ought to scold me or console me or something."

"You know I hate to play that kind of mother," Meg said slowly. "There's something so awful about a mother advising you when you've had a crack on the jaw, to say nothing of a hangover with it."

"I want you to, Mother." Mimi reached out for her hand.

"What would you say," Mimi said slowly, "if I said I thought Alan had made a mistake and I intended to keep on being eager about him?"

"I think you're better than that," Meg said slowly.

"Suppose I felt I have a right to Alan, an even greater right than Elizabeth," Mimi insisted. "What would you do then?"

"Well," Meg looked at her steadily, "as long as you were doing what you thought was right I'd be with you, even fight for you, but I'm afraid I—well, I wouldn't have much enthusiasm for the cause."

For a moment Mimi looked as if she were going to cry, then her hand reached out impulsively. "Mother, I guess that licks me." She smiled a woebegone little smile. "You can go now, you don't have to worry about me any more."

Of course it wasn't really a career to



Boots Mallory, of Grand National, peers over a puffed sleeve.

A DREAM *Walking*



FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her *man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person.* Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself,* that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide,* active under practical conditions . . . effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

For your cleansing douche



TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

What Every Woman Should Know . . .

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
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Send me your free booklet *"Lysol vs. Germs"* which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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begin with, that job Jimmy got for her in the art department of his newspaper, but it wasn't long before Mimi was really doing things with that talent she had for drawing.

So after three months she came over to him one day hugging the drawing for the furniture ad she had just done.

"I'm excited, I admit it." Her eyes were shining. "It means so much to me, it means I'm making good and I'm getting such a thrill out of it!"

She stopped as a boy came in with a pile of papers just off the press and took one and turned to the page her ad was on, with Jimmy grinning over her shoulder.

"Here's a paper full of the news of the world, life and death and destiny, and what you're excited about is a furniture ad," he jibed, then suddenly he stopped and her eyes followed his to the social note on the opposite page.

There was only that first sharp intake of her breath as she read that Elizabeth and Alan were back from their honeymoon and were planning a celebration for the members of their wedding party.

"Funny, being in the same paper," Jimmy said, and then he asked: "Will Mimi Swift be at that party?"

She turned to him as if she'd suddenly made a great discovery and he saw her eyes were shining.

"I often wondered what I'd feel like the day that was in the papers," her voice came eagerly, "and I find that I'm still excited about my drawing. Do you get that, Mr. Kilmartin?"

It was all too easy, that party, greeting Elizabeth with the old affection she'd had for her before Alan came between them and their friendship, greeting Alan so casually and meaning it too, as he came over to her on the verandah after dinner, and talking about her furniture ad as if it was the only thing in the world that mattered and her heart not skipping the littlest beat when she saw he looked vaguely disappointed.

"Well, this isn't what I expected," his voice sounded almost sulky as he sat down beside her. "I was wondering what we'd talk about when we met again but it's a cinch I didn't think it was going to be about a furniture ad. You see, I was more or less led to believe it was going to be about oceans, or seas as you put it once. That it would be dangerous for us unless there were eight of 'em between us."

Mimi leaned over to accept a light for her cigarette.

"The wine is a funny fellow, as you put it," she smiled.

"Oh," his voice sounded blank. "Then it was just the wine talking and as soon as I left—all as if nothing had happened."

"No, not so soon," Mimi said quietly. "But I'm all right now. Aren't you glad, Alan?"

"No!" The word was torn from him. "So this is the end. Somehow it's a little sad."

But Mimi didn't even feel the least bit sad or even triumphant when Elizabeth came toward them and she saw her quick glance of apprehension.

"Hey, come here, you!" Alan hailed his wife. "Protect me! I've been insulted. My ego's gone. All this time I thought Mimi's been carrying a torch for me and now she says she can't believe she ever was in love with me. So it's all set now, we've got it all in blue prints, we're going to be friends. I, she, you!"

"Let me tell her, Alan," Mimi said slowly. "Elizabeth, you know Alan never loved me. He likes me and now I like him. That's all there is to it. And I want you to believe me."

"Thank you, Mimi, and I do believe you," Elizabeth said and she smiled with Mimi as the quick frown knotted itself between Alan's eyes.

But for all her talk of friendship Mimi hesitated the day Alan came to the office with two tickets for a prize fight at Madison Square Garden.

"I drove Elizabeth to bed talking about the fight," he grinned. "And she told me not to feel bad. That tomorrow would be the happiest day of her life. The fight will be over!"

"I can't go alone with you," Mimi said slowly and then, "Does Elizabeth know you were going to take me?"

"Of course she knows it," Alan grinned. "What about this beautiful friendship you sold me? Are you going to throw it in the ash can before it's even started?"

So after that, there was nothing Mimi could say. She went to the fight and somehow it was almost the way it used to be, laughing with Alan like that, getting excited with him, grabbing his hand once at a knockout punch, thrilling again as he took her hand and he'd it. Once she looked up and saw Jimmy sitting across the aisle and a flush came to her face as she saw the look he gave her. But after that there wasn't time to think of Jimmy.

There were so many things to do, exciting things, going to a night club afterward and swinging hands as they walked home through quiet streets and nothing said that couldn't be said and yet all the time old undertones were there and old feelings stifled too long rekindling and becoming important and exciting again.

"If it hasn't been the gayest time I've ever had, don't ever give it to me any gayer. I couldn't take it," Alan said as he left her at the door of her apartment.

The excited happy smile was still playing about Mimi's lips as she closed the door of her apartment behind her, then suddenly it was gone as she saw Jimmy waiting for her. She had never seen Jimmy look at her like this before. Almost as if he didn't like her.

"Lovely fight, wasn't it? Nice and bloody, or didn't you notice? Oh yeah, sure, you went to the ball to show 'em all how free you were of him; well, you showed 'em tonight all right, sister."

"I just love you in the rôle of big brother, Jimmy. It fits you so perfectly." Mimi laughed, then she sobered. It was all so clear to her now why Jimmy had been waiting there in the apartment. He had misunderstood things. He had not thought she would be coming home alone. "I am really glad you came around tonight."

Jimmy was taken off guard at that. "Why?" he demanded.

"Well," she hesitated, "you've made me realize he wasn't even thinking about—what you thought—and I'm just realizing why the night was so lovely. What I'm trying to say is, you don't know how swell it is for you to be wrong."

She would have been so happy if it hadn't been for Elizabeth. Why did that girl have to be so grand, anyway? Why couldn't she have been the sort of wife that no one would mind hurting? But after all, that couldn't be helped. Love was the thing that counted.

She was going to play fair, though, she told herself that as she took up the telephone the next morning and called Elizabeth. But she wasn't quite prepared for the happiness in Elizabeth's voice as she answered.

"Sorry I missed the fight last night, Alan said it was so exciting. But I think I'd rather have scarlet fever."

"Not me." Mimi couldn't help the tenseness that crept into her voice. "I wouldn't have missed it, not for anything. You didn't mind my going alone with Alan?"

"I don't mind *you*, Mimi. Especially after our friendly little talk."

Mimi spoke softly into the phone now, trying to take the edge of the shock away. "Try to understand this, Elizabeth. The





other night I said a lot of things about friendship. I meant them then, but they're not true any more. What I'm trying to say is, I'm still in love with Alan."

There was the sharp little click of the phone in Elizabeth's ear and the sudden fear in her heart. But in spite of that it was Elizabeth who sent Alan to Mimi again that night. And she knew she was doing it too when she pleaded a headache and suggested he go off for a night at the club.

"That man's here again," Alan shouted the salutation as he knocked at Mimi's door. And he smiled as he heard the eager rush of feet inside.

"Carry him in," Mimi laughed as she opened the door.

"Where shall I put him?" he asked, and his eyes were eager.

"Oh, just dump him anywhere!" Mimi laughed but she might as well have said, "I love you."

"Oh, you can't treat *him* that way," Alan jibed. "He's marked fragile. He needs a lot of care and kindness; in fact, what he really needs is more of the same medicine you gave him last night. You're gay, Mimi; you're fun—in fact, you're swell. Why can't things be like this always?"

"Can't they?" she said quietly. "Is this—is this the way you want it to be, Alan? The two of us, always?"

His mood changed just a little.

"I know we've got a lot of talking and thinking to do, but let's not do it now—"

He stopped as the knock came on the door, and then he stiffened as Mimi flung it open and Elizabeth stood there.

"Hi, dear," she called to Alan, and even her eyes did not show her hurt as she came into the room. Then she turned to Mimi. "Well, between three old friends, can I have a drink?"

Alan poured stiff highballs for the three of them and Elizabeth took a drink of hers before she spoke again: "This is different than I expected to find it. You both look—well, very sure of yourselves. I'm confused by the way you look, Alan. I never saw you look like that before. I don't think we have to talk much. I think you're in love with her and all you want is a divorce.

"I'll tell you why I was so surprised." Elizabeth turned to Mimi. "On our honeymoon I knew that Alan didn't love me. So, having naturally rated him higher than a fortune hunter, I found myself married to a man who had lost his size. Who was just—ordinary."

She saw Alan staring at her then.

"Then I began to realize something else." Her fingers tightened around her glass. "And it was strange. He was *trying* to be in love with me, so desperately that I knew Alan had never been in love and never would be. But his not wanting to be like that, made a difference—and instead of hating him for being ordinary, I found myself sorry for him because he was a very lonely man.

"Well, being in love with him what was I going to do about it? I knew there would be a parade of women, since he would be trying to find love some place, but they wouldn't be getting any of his heart for he had none to give them. And the fact he had married me seemed to say he liked me better than any.

"Not very much to have, but that much,



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Mimi. And added to that it isn't everyone who can charm and amuse me. So I was going to let it ride. But I wouldn't want Alan in love with another woman. He wouldn't be very charming or very amusing with a heavy heart. So now since he is in love at last—well, I had it pegged all wrong."

She put down her glass and got slowly to her feet.

"I'll pass up the drink. I won't be good at being noble much longer," she said.

It was Mimi who spoke first after the door closed.

"There goes a Major-General in any woman's army, even though she did lose," she said.

But she saw then Elizabeth hadn't lost after all.

"All this time I've been married to her I've been sitting for my portrait and didn't know it!" Alan looked like a man who had suddenly been startled from a long sleep. "She clocked it, Mimi. You *were* to be in the parade. Oh, right out in front—you know that, but in the parade nevertheless. Then the charm of last night gets busy again, you believed so much that it was a great love and so I thought it was the McCoy at last. And then in comes a wise guy and shoves a mirror in front of my face."

"Are you in love with her?" Mimi asked in a small sick voice.

"No, but—well, Elizabeth *does* count now. And I know you wouldn't want to count—that way. I guess you're lucky, Mimi."

"Sure." Her head lifted. "Sure. We're both lucky, I guess."

But after he was gone there was that sickness in her heart that was different from that other feeling had been, the first time she had lost Alan. For now it was shame she felt. A sickening, agonizing shame.

She really didn't know she was going to Jimmy when she got out of the house at last. But she did. And when he saw her face he wasn't cynical or bitter with her the way he usually was as he bundled her into his old Ford and started driving her out to Meg.

The night air felt good on her face. Fresh and clean and brisk. And suddenly being with Jimmy seemed that way too. It was almost like getting to know herself all over again, feeling the shame go and laughter coming instead, feeling so calm with Jimmy saying all the things to put a girl right with herself.

It was so grand they kept on riding through the night so that when they came home it was at the breakfast table they found Meg. They tried to tell her of the thing they had found and Meg listened with that wise smile of hers.

"So you've both come to a great understanding!" She shook her head. "There's no such thing as love. You've put it out of your lives. Friendship rules triumphant!"

"How can you sit there and not get excited?" Jimmy bellowed. "Your own daughter has come out of the ether. She's through with all that romantic mush. She's a real person now and—"

"Jimmy, look at Mimi," Meg said suddenly. "Not me, her! Look at her eyes. They're sparkling. And Mimi, look at Jimmy. Where's that old indifference? Where's that lack-lustre look? You idiots, don't you know love when you see it?"

They didn't know it, not for a minute. There was that first startled silence and their hearts bounding and Mimi's knees trembling. But then Jimmy took a quick step toward her and she was in his arms, and after that even a fool would have known what it was all about, not to speak of a smart girl like Mimi.

Fay's Magic Carpet

Continued from page 67

pictures are decided. She never keeps a shot that shows anyone in an unfavorable light.

"People only look as they do in those dreadful shots for an instant," she said. "It may be a trick of light, or a glare in their eyes, or because they have their mouths open to speak, and they look either imbecilic or drunk or hideous. Why preserve that?

"I don't mean that the people in my pictures must be always at their best—always well-groomed and well-dressed—but they should give me an impression I want to keep.

"These shots of Dolores Del Rio on the sands at my beach house aren't the most beautiful pictures ever made of her, but I love them because they give me a Dolores mood that I seldom see. Her hands are so expressive, her face thoughtful. It has an old Italian painting quality that I'd like to get oftener."

"I like some of my Swedish stuff. The hay drying on the rails here in Rattvik—this Göta Canal scene. I traveled by boat across the lakes and through little canals. The boats progress through a series of locks; you can get off and take a walk inland for an hour or so and when you come back your boat may be a hundred yards farther down the canal. In this I like the water reflections and the dappling of sun through the trees.

"When I get that portrait lens, I'm going in for character studies. I don't want just young, pretty faces—I want real character. In this shot of an old caretaker of a church at the village of Leksund, Sweden, you can see the sort of thing I mean.

"When I get that portrait lens I shall probably annoy all my friends terribly by telling them to move a little toward that shadow, or draw in that foot, or shift your glance to the left. Or I may get to be a serious artist who will sit patiently waiting for four o'clock and a certain phase of light, before I will shoot. Who knows?

"But I had rather good luck with these two that I shot without waiting a second: Richard Arlen racing across his garden with his dog, and my husband sitting in a sleigh opposite me at St. Moritz. See the snow falling on his coat?

"I'm not a specialist in animal photography," Fay went on, selecting two more prints from the little heap on the couch, "but here are two pictures of Anita Louise and her Irish setter, Rambler. The house is Anita's. The girl's dark figure against the white fence makes a good contrast. Perhaps the two should both have been shot against the light background, but when I take a picture of a dog, I'm lucky if I get the dog, without worrying over where he is by the time the shutter clicks!"

Fay is convinced that it's a good thing for a husband and wife to share the same hobby.

"It makes for friendly rivalry," she laughed, "especially if you each have different cameras. We both take pictures on our trips or at the beach or at the current excitement and then we can hardly wait till the prints come home.

"'Mine are really quite something this time!' we will say to each other, and it's a triumph when you actually discover that *yours* are a little better.

"With two people in a family doing it, you feel you must improve. It won't do to make the same mistakes and have the other one say: 'Your lighting is bad—*again!*'"

Ungilded Lily

Continued from page 65

water, and she should have been dank and depressed. But she, and the whole company, had the giggles. I pieced the story together.

It seems that Director Raoul Walsh had given Lily a pep talk when it was time for her song. "We want plenty of pepper in this number, Lily," he had admonished. Solemnly, Lily assured him. "I onderstand. You wait. I go to the ceety on this one!" I don't know why "going to the city" sounds so much funnier than "going to town," but it just does.

"Do you ever have your serious moments?" I asked, when she and I could get our respective breaths.

She has, of course. You gather that life, on the whole, was pretty serious for Lily until she came to Hollywood, and found herself involved in "these too, too mad pictures, which are such fun!"

Lily Pons was one of those sad creatures, a child prodigy. She was a seven-months baby, and the doctor who officiated at her birth will attest that she had two teeth. He adds: "If she had waited the normal length of time to be born, she would probably have arrived equipped with rubber boots and a fur coat!" At four or five, she was picking out operatic tunes on the piano. But let's skip it. I can't stand child prodigies, and I like Lily Pons.

The Chamber of Commerce will be jarred to learn that Lily doesn't like the climate of Southern California! The nights are too cool. So she just pauses in our midst until her picture is finished, and then away she goes to her farm in Connecticut, where she really feels at home. There are twenty-seven acres of land snuggling around her farm house, and she treasures those acres. She raises chickens, and turkeys, and cabbages and things, and has a game preserve for wild birds, and a haven for deer.

Domestic? No, one could hardly call Lily domestic. She simply hasn't had time in her short, busy life to learn to cook, for instance. She likes to go to the market, however, and she will come home with the most astonishing pile of things. "The tomatoes, they look so red, I thought I'd buy several," she will say. Her idea of "several" is really something. "They tell me the feesh



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is nice, so I have bought some feesh." She has indeed bought "some" fish.

I asked her to tell me of the preparations she makes before an important operatic premiere, thinking that here, at any rate, she might conform to the popular conception of a prima donna. But it was not to be. She makes no special preparations. She just takes all the rest she can, and then goes on and does her stuff.

She is, as a matter of fact, one of the gayest people you can imagine. The giggles which greeted me when I first met her were not unusual. They are practically chronic.

"One of the things I like best about America," she told me, "is how it laughs and laughs. I like so much your American magazines, the laugh ones, with all the funny pictures. I like the funny motion pictures, too. They have grown funnier and funnier. It's nice, isn't it, to laugh?"

It was Jack Oakie who christened her "Snooky," and she loved it. She liked it so much that she would pretend not to hear when someone on the set addressed her as "Miss Pons." Bewildered property men, trying to observe the laws of politeness and still please her, solved the difficulty by calling her "Miss Snooky."

The entire studio dissolved in mirth when it heard of Lily's introduction to a "jam session." It seems that she came upon Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, and Eric Blore, in a corner, knocking the living daylights out of *Sweet Adeline*. "What ees thees?" inquired Lily. Jack Oakie assured her, solemnly, "This, my dear, is a jam session."

"Eet sounds like fun. I theenk I jam, too, huh?" quoth Lily, and she forthwith trilled a merry obligato to that good old corner-of-the-kitchen ditty, until several people from all over the lot came running to see what went on. "Me? I am jus' jamming," Lily informed them.

When irate critics waxed wroth over Lily's feather and bead costume in "Hitting a New High," the studio was upset. But Lily was amused. "I thought it was rather cute, that costume," she commented.

She hates rain and fog, and nothing will induce her to venture forth on a damp evening—except a circus. A first class blizzard won't keep her at home on a circus night.

She likes to arrive as early as possible, and spend hours, if she can, prowling about the animal tent. She exerts an almost hypnotic influence over the most savage animals. She makes cooing noises at them, and they purr or whimper, or twitter, according to their noise-making equipment; and a good time is had by all.

She owns several dogs, a pair of turtles, and a parrot. She tries always to have some of them with her, even when she is on tour. The turtles present the smallest problem when she is traveling, she declares. Her favorite pet is an English sheep dog, "Pouf." I asked her why he was named "Pouf," and she informed me, "I jus' look at him, and it came to me." When she had an appointment at the studio to have publicity pictures made with "Pouf," Lily was on time, but "Pouf" was not. She had sent him to the veterinarian to be groomed for the cameras.

People who know Lily very well, who see her every day, will tell you that she has a wistful quality, a kind of cosmic sadness which overwhelms her sometimes. I have never seen it.

She did confide once that she had a theory, a plan, about the future and the function of grand opera upon the screen.

She is in earnest, too, about her plans for retirement. She first "retired" from the stage after notable successes in Paris, while she was still very, very young, and, of all things, before anyone realized that she was a great singer. She has been planning to retire all over again, "in five years," ever since. Two years ago, she set the date. "In five years." Now she has bought the Connecticut farm, and avers that she is preparing it for her retirement, "five years from now." She is very serious about it, but I don't believe for a moment that Lily Pons will retire five years, or fifteen years from now. She is too active, too interested in her work, too imbued with the *habit* of work. Horseback riding, gardening, caring for her birds—these things will never satisfy Lily Pons. Or, at least, not for a long, long time, I hope.

Of course, there is her reputed marriage to André Kostelanetz. They have admitted their intention to wed "when we have time." It takes only a few minutes, after all, to be married, and there are those (plenty of those) who are convinced that Lily and André have been married for some time. But I, and several other million people, do not know whether or not the pair have taken that step.

Lily is deeply interested in children, especially talented youngsters. She works quietly and earnestly, in an effort to see that they get their chance to develop. Aside from these activities which are thoughtfully planned, her charities are impulsive, and unorganized. She likes to make gifts which are surprises to the recipients.

As she doesn't share the traditional opera star's taste for rich foods, neither does she share her taste for jewels or expensive furs. Lily wears strictly tailored clothes in the daytime: navy blue, or any of the tawny or nasturtium shades. She has these made in New York, and she likes to have a hand in designing them. In the evening, she wears white. She is clever about clothes, and no one knows better than she that nothing will set off that dark vivacity of hers as well as crystal or ivory. It gives her height, too. She will dangle a gem or two on formal occasions, but never many.

She does have one hobby. She collects, for goodness' sake, snuff boxes! Good, ripe, elderly snuff boxes, of course with historical value. She has one which was used by Lord Nelson.

In fact, she never labors anything. She works hard—very hard—at her music, but she doesn't moan over it. No one has ever heard her mention the "sacrifices" she has made for her "Art." She has loved her music, and she doesn't feel that her efforts have been sacrifices. Life for Lily is gay, interesting, amusing, exciting. She has made it gay, interesting, amusing, exciting, for countless other people. The littlest prima donna—long may she wave and twitter!

London

Continued from page 61

watched him working he had a bicycle collision in the cause of his Art. As the newly-arrived student at Cardinal College he goes for a ride along Oxford's famous old High Street and collides with the Dean, otherwise Edmund Gwenn, both falling heavily on the cobblestones. Seven times did they shoot this scene, and then Director Jack Conway congratulated Bob. "Splendid! You looked as though you really were bruised then." "I am!" said Robert, rubbing himself tenderly. "*That* was not acting!" And did the extra girls sigh as they watched the studio nurse efficiently anointing the manly Taylor forearm with liniment.

I haven't seen Robert at any of the smart Mayfair night-haunts yet, but plenty of other screen celebrities are around. I met Gertrude Michael and Mr. and Mrs. John

Lodge dining at the Savoy and Jessie Matthews made one of her rare social appearances, all in golden net, to sing at a charity cabaret attended by King George's brother the Duke of Gloucester and his Duchess.

Maureen O'Sullivan was often to be seen with her husband John V. Farrow—usually they were dancing together and Maureen was wearing something white and frilly. Her footwork is so dainty I wonder she hasn't danced on the screen ere this, especially as she seems to enjoy herself immensely on the ballroom floor.

Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester threw a party at their apartment the other night with a double purpose, to celebrate the completion of their picture "Vessel of Wrath" in which they repeat their real-life rôle of husband and wife, and to show their friends the new bedroom which Charles has made for himself. It's all in dull white, chests and cupboards fitted into the walls so that the only piece of furniture is the bed. Charles has it covered with a remarkable quilt made from the softest finest white feathers plucked from the breasts of young swans. He can't sleep under heavy covering and thought this a marvelous way of combining warmth with lightness.

Handsome Anton Walbrook has been decorating, too. He is shortly going to make another film for Herbert Wilcox who presented him so deftly in "Victoria the Great" so he has taken a cottage on Hampstead Heath where he can indulge his favorite hobby of riding. The Clive Brook home is only half a mile away, a Georgian house with a spacious playroom where Clive entertains his friends every Sunday evening.

William Powell was wearing a more than somewhat startling line in red scarves when he looked in on London for a day before returning to California after his European vacation. But the masculine fashion prize this month undoubtedly goes to Victor McLaglen for his sumptuous appearance as the town dandy of Johannesburg in the good old gold-rush days.



A gold-miner and his girl! Victor McLaglen and Gracie Fields, make a perfect tintype in character for their parts in "He Was Her Man," a new English film.

Vic is playing in "He Was Her Man" with our blonde comedienne Gracie Fields on the new Twentieth Century-Fox lot where it is authoritatively said that Shirley Temple will be working next spring. When he isn't required to do a little gold-mining or drinking in the bar-room, Vic changes into very quiet clothes and drives off in his big black sports car to a boxing match or a football fixture.

Most of the new British pictures are technicolor—wait until you see the full beauty of Merle Oberon's creamy complexion and Elizabeth Allan's soft curls and Vivien Leigh's exotically-lacquered hands!

At a recent film premiere Madeleine Carroll appeared in becoming turquoise chiffon, exactly the color of her eyes, with pearl and diamond jewelry and her tall husband Captain Philip Astley as devoted escort.

Even Anna Neagle appeared, which was decidedly a departure for Anna prefers the quiet life at her country home twenty miles from London. She looked very young and gracious in her pink dress and white fur coat, sitting beside Herbert Wilcox who discovered her as an unknown chorus-girl in one of Jack Buchanan's musical shows and built her into a famous film star.

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What's Behind the MacDonald-Eddy "Feud"?

Continued from page 23

movie stars who, like it or not, must live their lives with as little privacy as they might expect in a Saks Fifth Avenue showcase. But it isn't fair to either star to distort and misrepresent the truth; that's carrying enthusiasm a little too far. If the writer of the letter quoted will return from her crusade for a few moments I'd like to acquaint her with a few facts which have been corroborated, she might be interested to know, by Nelson Eddy.

Neither Nelson nor Allan was commanded by the studio to attend Jeanette's wedding. Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, are close friends of the Gene Raymonds, and it was Jeanette not long ago who gave Mrs. Jones her baby shower—and you don't go around giving baby showers to casual acquaintances from the studio. Allan thoroughly enjoyed the Raymond wedding, and was terribly embarrassed when he read in the paper the next day that his shoes squeaked. He has been shoe-conscious ever since. It was Nelson himself who suggested to Jeanette that he sing at her wedding, and Jeanette naturally was delighted. (By the way, Nelson and Gene Raymond used to play tennis together a lot and were very good friends long before Jeanette and Gene even met each other.) He decided to sing the conventional *O Promise Me* and *I Love You Truly* before the ceremony. Then one day he came to Jeanette on the set and said, "Jeanette, I want to sing something special at your and Gene's wedding, not just the usual songs, and so I went through several of my old song books last night and have selected a little known but perfectly beautiful prayer set to music, called *Oh, Perfect Love.*" Jeanette, as well she should be, was deeply impressed. As a sort of benediction, while Jeanette and Gene were still kneeling, Nelson sang *Oh, Perfect Love.*

The "numerous delays on 'Maytime'" which our indignant fan accuses Jeanette of causing were explained away quite effectively in an interview Nelson gave at that time. "Jeanette is one of the world's best sports," said Nelson. "You could see an example of that right here on the set a few weeks ago. She was in torture, with sun-poisoning she got over the week-end on a yachting trip. Her face was peeling, her eyes were burning, and her lower lip swollen, discolored, infected. She should have been at home in bed. Hang the delay to the picture. But there she was instead, trying to smile, going through the rehearsals for the *Jump Jim Crow* dance in 'Maytime.'" Further on he says, "Nobody got sore when she picked up this sun-poisoning and delayed production. Everybody said, 'Sorry you're in such misery.'"

Those fans (and count me in) who could have done with more of Nelson Eddy's brilliant singing in "Maytime" might be interested in knowing that they have only the studio to blame, and not Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette does not have the right to select her pictures. She does what the studio producers tell her to do. "Maytime" always was, and I suppose always will be, a woman's picture. She didn't demand "Maytime," she just happened to get "Maytime." In "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie" I believe, though I didn't have a stop-watch with me, Jeanette and Nelson had their songs equally divided. In their latest co-starrer, "The Girl of the Golden West" (which, by the way, was turned down by a number of other singing stars so shouldn't be considered too great a "plum" for Jeanette) as far as I can gather from running over the script the songs are just about fifty-fifty, though Jeanette has the title rôle. You'd be surprised how very little the glamorous ones, under contract to a powerful studio, have to say about their parts and pictures. You don't *tell* producers, even though you are a prima donna with red hair and a temper. They, little kiddies, tell you.

And oh yes, while we are clearing up things, those fans who write into magazines and plead, both politely and belligerently, "Why don't you give us more Nelson Eddy stories?" might like to know that Nelson Eddy is one of the most difficult people in Hollywood to get stories on. He's one of the stars—and whether he is right or wrong is still another argument—who insists emphatically upon having his private life private. He does not like to give interviews about himself, or his friends, or his home; *he doesn't like to give interviews.* He is kept so busy with his four-square career—he makes pictures, he broadcasts weekly, he makes records, and he goes on an annual concert tour—that he has very little time for romance and the gay social life. He is a conscientious worker and he spends several hours of every day personally reading and answering his fan mail. From his mail he chooses the four songs he sings on the radio every Sunday afternoon, so eager is he to give his fans what they want. Though I say it as shouldn't, I admire him for not stooping to cheap publicity tricks, like escorting a glamor girl to the Trocadero several nights a week, so the photographers can click their cameras and the columnists pop out with juicy tidbits. But alas, all work and no play makes a movie star very "bad" copy. So if you can't find a story on Nelson Eddy in your screen magazine every month don't blame the editor, don't blame the studio, don't blame Jeanette MacDonald, and for heaven's sake don't blame me—just blame Mr. Nelson Eddy, who "won't talk."

Of course as soon as I faced Nelson and Jeanette with this feud thing, they strenuously denied it. "Feud believe what you see for a change and not what you read," began Jeanette, who can't resist a pun even when she is choking with rage. And



Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey, in a romantic moment from "Rosalie."

Jeanette is right. That old bromide about actions speak louder than words contains a mighty lot of truth. No movie star with two grains of sense is going to say to me, or to any other member of the Press, "I loathe that ham" or "Who does she think she is, Mrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?" Oh, no. Oh, no, *indeed.*

Whenever she starts a picture, whether he is in it or not, the gallant Mr. Eddy fills Miss MacDonald's dressing-room with flowers. Does that smell of a feud? Because of hard work Nelson isn't much of a diner-outer but he finds time ever so often to have dinner at the Raymond home where he and Jeanette and Gene, shouting at the top of their voices, solve the musical problems of the universe. Though he was famous on the concert stage Nelson was practically unknown in pictures when he was assigned the lead opposite Jeanette in "Naughty Marietta." Jeanette was already Hollywood's Singing Star Number 1 and had she wanted to she could have ritzed Mr. Eddy something awful, for the babes in their mothers' arms know more about picture-making than Nelson did at that time. But Jeanette went out of her way to be helpful. She could easily have taken advantage of Nelson's lack of picture technique and stolen every scene from him. But she didn't. Instead, she threw scenes his way. She took time to put him wise to the tricks of the trade. "She wasn't a bit like a prima donna," Nelson told a friend, *not* a reporter, "she was like a pal. She did such a good job of making an actor out of me that when the picture was finished the Front Office wanted to bill my name in big letters too. Jeanette didn't have to stand for that. She was a star, and I was only her leading man, and all she had to do was to remind the Front Office of that fact and my billing would have been quite small. But she didn't. She was a pal."

If you know Hollywood, and how jealously most stars guard their stardom and try to thwart any competition, you can appreciate, as Nelson Eddy did, how much Jeanette contributed toward getting him off to a good start in his picture career. Nor, once he was established, and his fame and popularity as great as hers, did Jeanette do a right-about-face and turn on him—which is an old Hollywood custom and has been done many times by a jealous star who can't take it. She seems to be just as pleased today to be working opposite him in "The Girl of the Golden West" as she was three years ago when she was showing him the ropes in "Naughty Marietta." And ditto Nelson Eddy. His fans might have squawked about those nineteen minutes in "Maytime" but there is no record of Nelson resenting his lack of footage in that film. Like Jeanette he cannot pick his pictures, but he can raise cain when the part doesn't please him. He didn't. Jeanette's perfectly willing that he get the break on the footage next time. "I have always been content to let M-G-M assign me to my pictures," says Jeanette. "I have been both happy and pleased that they have let me do four pictures with as fine an artist and as charming a person as Nelson Eddy. I hope there will be many others."

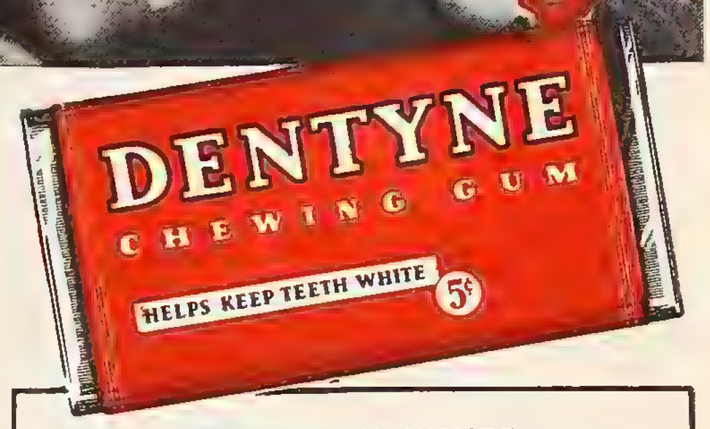
And that, my friends, is saying a mouthful. Because the big glamorous stars of Hollywood do not want to be teamed with the same person all of the time. They say it destroys their individual personality. Only this morning I read in the *Hollywood Reporter:* "Loretta Young's request to Twentieth-Century-Fox that it cast her with a different lead than Tyrone Power to avoid being typed has resulted in the indefinite postponement of 'Accent on Love,' scheduled as the next for the co-stars." Ginger Rogers objected to being co-starred with Fred Astaire (and *vice versa,* I hear) for so many pictures, and now Ginger is

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on her own, and so is Fred. Myrna Loy is raising a rumpus in the Front Office these days because she does not think it wise for her to co-star again with Bill Powell. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern managed to break up their team by Gene leaving the studio. Stars just don't like to "team" these days; it hurts their personality, they say—but Jeanette and Nelson, who are supposed to have a "feud," are the only ones who go teaming merrily along without complaints.

How do these Hollywood "feuds" originate? There are several possibilities. In Hollywood now there are thirty-eight people who broadcast Hollywood gossip one or more times a week. There just isn't that much gossip. These thirty-eight air chatterers have any number of stooges or operators or legmen working for them. There are also over three hundred and sixty *bona fide* writers and columnists who have pages, but endless pages, to fill every day, every week, every month. Everybody wants a scoop. The town has just gone mad with gossipers. They'll grab at anything. "Just give me a lead," they mourn in the publicity offices. "I'll make it into a story." A little thing like accuracy, in this race for news, has simply collapsed and died by the wayside. So all that is necessary for a good first-class feud is the following: "Hello, what goes on with your little dream children today? Did the new MacDonald-Eddy picture start? She didn't smile when he came on the set? Thank you, my lad, we've got something there." It's on the air in another hour that Jeanette and Nelson aren't speaking. All the columnists pick it up and so do all the other air chatterers. In less than twenty-four hours it is all over the world that Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are having a feud. As casual as that.

Then, too, a feud is always good publicity for the two stars supposed to be indulging in it. And of course I wouldn't throw stones, not from the front porch of my glass house, but poor young men in publicity offices, realizing the publicity value in a good feud—it gets more space than the sweetness and light stuff—are not a bit averse to stirring one up occasionally to toss to the Press.

And last but not least we have the fans themselves. Whenever there is a team they seem to feel called upon to "take sides" at once. If anyone says a kind word about one half of the team, immediately fans of the other half become wildly indignant. You can see from the excerpts from the letters given how violently partisan they have become. Jeanette and Nelson may like each other tremendously but the fans aren't going to have it that way. Their idol has been neglected. So it's a feud. There is something very earthy and American about a feud, and I say that if the fans want one, let them have it. But no distorting of facts, no false teeth and calf-faces, mind you. And remember, as Jeanette who loves her pun says, "Feud believe what you see—"

Paris

Continued from page 64

afternoon wore on I wondered why he seemed to enjoy chatting with me. Later on, I found out, for shortly before I left he grabbed my hand and said "You are really wonderful for here we have spent the whole afternoon together and you haven't once mentioned Garbo's name, or asked a single question about her!" I told him, with a smile, that I was much too well brought up, cinematigrafically speaking, to do such a thing. Confidentially, I know a great deal about that young lady so don't have to pester friends with questions about her. Now, after such boasting, will continue on the amiable subject of Charles. He seems younger, happier and much less nervous than on his former visits. Why shouldn't he be? With a lovely young wife, success the world over and, at the time I saw him, back home in Paris among old friends. The work in the sordid bedroom continued. Then there was a sudden general movement as everyone prepared to leave the scene. It was four o'clock and tea-time, my dears. Yes, all work ceases and everyone goes to the studio restaurant for tea, toast and the far-famed French pastries. It makes such a pleasant break in the otherwise long stretch of steady work. As all the companies stop at the same time the artistes have a chance to visit with friends from other sets and companies. All too soon the bell rings and they must fly back to their respective jobs. Charles told me that he had been to the Exposition several times, which he found magnificent, in spite of the endless stairs one has to climb and, naturally, descend. At other times, he is busy seeing the plays and old friends. He is still a son of the theatre and loves everyone and everything connected with it. Then too, his mother and relatives come up from Auvergne to see their Charles. I must admit that the sombre hall bedroom scene sort of bored me, so I skipped off to another set where the action was livelier.

While on the continental flavor, another delightful star is in our midst. Tullio Carminati, just winding up his holidays in his native Italy, decided to linger in Paris before facing a cold, foggy winter of work in London. Carminati is a most interesting fellow. Equally at home in English, French and Italian, he radiates charm and wit—a real sense of humor. We were at several cocktail parties together and I heard Tullio chatting away with the guests in all these three languages. He has the same suave polish off that he has on the screen, only more so. Just next door to Tullio, at the George V was another American favorite, Ruth Chatterton was over in Paris to meet her mother, just arrived from America. That looks as though Ruth were planning to settle in Europe for a while. I say settle in more ways than one when speaking of this air-minded young lady who only seems happy when in full flight in a plane—her own or a chartered one. Other gals fuss about face lotions, massages and diets and never seem to look any better for their trouble. Ruth bothers about none of these—eats and drinks everything she likes and looks younger and lovelier than ever. Maybe she gets something from those high altitudes when flying that gives her that radiant smile and certain sparkle in her eyes. It wouldn't surprise me if Ruth burst into a French film, for of late she has been in close conference with several film heads. She speaks French beautifully so the language would present no difficulty. If she does, I will haunt the studio for Ruth is one of those grand persons one loves to be near.

In Fast Company

Continued from page 29

though not in years—had to stay right up on their toes to keep little Miss Weaver from stealing their scenes. Indeed it was she who was the "talk of the picture" after the preview, with most of the preview cards reading "give us more Marjorie Weaver." Majorie has unpacked her bags again and decided to stay—and why not, what with Twentieth Century-Fox grooming her for stardom. "I guess, by all right of reason," says Marjorie, "I should have been afraid of going into 'Second Honeymoon.' I knew that the film's eventual audience would see me with such experienced players as Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Claire Trevor and Stu Erwin. I knew, for that reason, that every mistake I made would show up all the worse by comparison with the work of the experts. And yet I wasn't afraid. In the first place I felt that Mr. Lang would never have permitted me to take such an important rôle if he had the least suspicion that I'd fail. The truth is that *I* wasn't sure of myself, but his confidence in me gave me confidence in myself.

"And then there was another marvelous thing, which made me feel that I'd just *have* to do well. Everybody in that cast felt that my rôle would be the stepping stone to something really important. And they all tried to help me. It was just as if they saw, in my efforts, themselves at the beginning of their careers. Every one of them, particularly Miss Young and Mr. Power, encouraged me and gave me advice—advice that had cost them many years of labor. I don't see how I could possibly have failed with all those wonderful people believing in me."



Ella Logan brings her bouncing brand of humor into this little seaside sequence with Kenny Baker and Andrea Leeds, very attractive in her beach attire.

And there's Jane Bryan, a Hollywood High School girl, who held her own so beautifully in those difficult scenes she played with Basil Rathbone, the most suave and finished of actors, in "Confession." So sincere was her performance that there were those in the audience who sighed quite audibly when Kay Francis came on the screen and Jane became a minor character. Other kids who have held their own beside experienced troupers are Kenny Baker, who arrived in pictures via radio, and Jon Hall, who had the ladies swooning after "Hurricane," and Joy Hodges who used to warble with a band, and Lola Lane's two younger sisters Rosemary and Priscilla—and don't forget the girl genius, Deanna Durbin.

But how do they manage to walk on the screen with such overwhelming aplomb and *savoir faire?* Why aren't they petrified with fear? It takes a lot of nerve for a rank amateur to stack up with those professionals, most of whom have been in the theatre for years. Just in case you think the stars of tomorrow are a new race of gods and goddesses utterly devoid of such human emotions as fear and embarrassment



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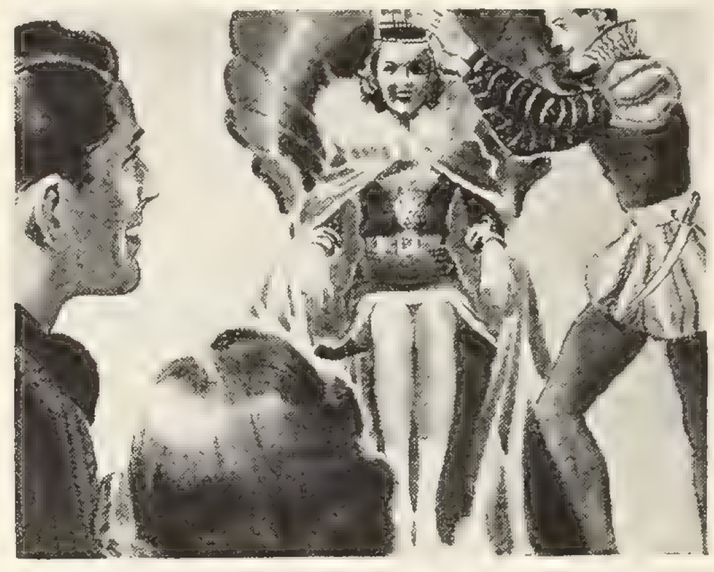
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and humiliation I hasten to inform you that the kids are simply scared to death.

"Oh boy, was I scared when I had to stand there and sass Pat O'Brien," said Wayne Morris who recently emerged from Warner Brothers' "Submarine D-1" with flying colors. "I kept thinking to myself, 'Kid, you're only a dopey little twirp, how are you going to hold your own with the fastest talking actor in the business? When he finishes with you you'll look like something the cat brought in out of the rain.'" Despite the fact that he claims his knees were shaking and his teeth chattering in all his scenes with Pat, George Brent, and Frank McHugh (he felt all right in his scenes with the girls he admits), young Wayne acquitted himself nobly in a regular Jimmy Cagney part, and the studio must have been well pleased for they gave him second billing.

Wayne Morris was born in Los Angeles on February 17, 1914, and attended the Los Angeles High School and Junior College where he distinguished himself in football and basketball. He thought he'd like to be a lawyer but then when his family moved near the Pasadena Playhouse School of the Theatre he decided he'd be an actor. Casual just like that. Although he had lived most of his life only a stone's throw from Hollywood he had never been inside of a studio gate and so for his graduation present he asked the Playhouse to get him a pass to a studio so he could see how movies are made. He never got to use the pass because the week diplomas were awarded Irving Kumin, assistant casting director at Warner Brothers, saw Wayne playing *Private Dean* in "Yellowjack" at Pasadena and sent him a note backstage asking him to come to the studio the next day for an interview. The interview ended in a long term contract.

Wayne's first real break came in "Kid Galahad." "And was I scared having to do scenes with Bette Davis!" says Wayne. "She was an Academy Award winner and tops in my estimation. I thought it all over and decided that there wasn't any point in my trying to act around such professionals as Miss Davis and Mr. Robinson so I just tried to be natural." Wayne's "naturalness" was a terrific success. Girls and women went mad about him. His real name is Bert DeWayne Morris and his present ambition is to "get famous."

"I felt like a silly fifteen-year-old school girl when the studio told me I would play Brian Aherne's leading lady in 'The Great Garrick,'" said pretty little Olivia de Havilland who has reached the ripe old age of twenty-one. "Mr. Aherne had always been my favorite actor, and for several years I had worshipped him from afar as one of his most ardent fans. I think he knows more about acting than anyone in the profession and I just couldn't bear to have him find out what a miserable little actress I am. He would probably make me look ridiculous—and that I knew would break my heart." Poor little frightened Olivia timidly intimated to the powers-that-be that maybe she shouldn't play the girl in "The Great Garrick" and especially with such an important actor as Brian Aherne, but she couldn't talk them out of it so there was nothing for her to do but bite her lips (Olivia always bites her lips when she gets nervous), and face the lion in the den, who in this case happened to be her favorite actor on the set. She saw him act out his lines in front of a mirror with a sinking heart—she would never be able to hold her own with him. It would be the most humiliating experience of her life. Better Leslie Howard and Bette Davis any day than the great Aherne. So imagine Olivia's surprise one day near the end of the picture when Brian Aherne wanted her to have lunch with him and during the

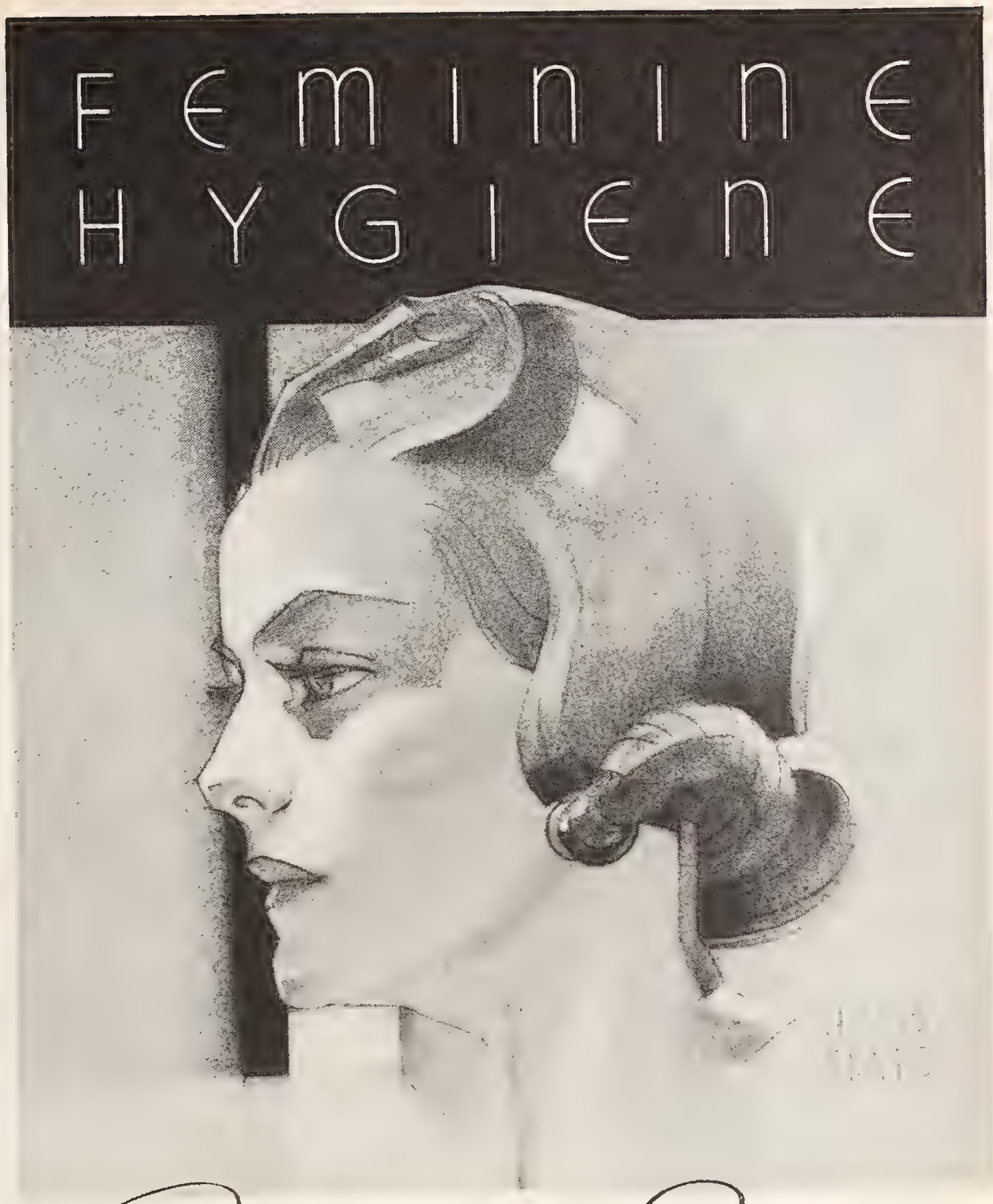
luncheon asked her if she would consider doing a play on Broadway with him. She almost choked on her tomato juice, much to Brian's amusement. "You're a very talented little actress," he said. "You definitely have a future in the theatre, and a season in a legitimate play in New York would do you a world of good." Now Olivia doesn't have to worry over whether or not Brian Aherne will make her look ridiculous, but she does have to worry over whether or not she should accept his offer of a New York play.

No one in Hollywood can wear costumes so beautifully as Olivia de Havilland. She may have taken your breath away in "Captain Blood" but you haven't seen anything until you see her in technicolor as the lovely *Maid Marian* in "Robin Hood." In "Call It A Day" and "It's Love I'm After" she proved that she could hold her own even without fluffy ruffles and furbelows. Olivia's one boast is, "I may not always know how to read my lines, but at least I know them." She is a keen observer and rapidly absorbed movie technique. She claims, however, that it was Brian Aherne who made her camera-conscious as he insisted all during "The Great Garrick" that she be given the close-ups and the advantage in the two-shots. Her real name is Olivia de Havilland and she has large brown eyes and reddish brown hair. Camera men love her because she is one of the few people in Hollywood with such perfect features that she can be photographed from any angle.

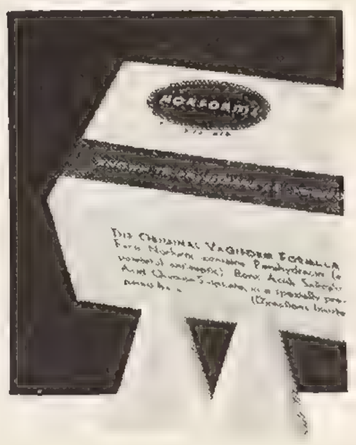
One year younger than Olivia is her sister Joan Fontaine who is rapidly making a name for herself at the RKO studios. Joan's and Olivia's mother married a second time and when she signed a contract Joan, eager not to trade on the name of her already successful sister, took her stepfather's name. When "Call It a Day" was produced as a stage play at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood Joan tried out for a part and won it. The opening night found the famous producer Jesse Lasky in the audience and before he left the theatre that night he had signed Joan to a contract. She was given a fairly important rôle in Katharine Hepburn's "Quality Street" and through no fault of her own landed on the cutting room floor. It was decided that if she remained in the picture Franchot Tone would become an unsympathetic character so except for a few seconds in a party scene she was completely cut out. But Joan Fontaine had found a friend and a champion—none other than Katharine Hepburn herself, who proceeded to tell all the right people at the studio that Joan had amazing talent. She asked to have Joan play one of the studio club girls in "Stage Door" but in the meantime the executives had been running over Miss Fontaine's "rushes" from "Quality Street" and decided to give her a leading feminine rôle opposite John Beal in "The Man Who Found Himself," and later opposite Nino Martini in "Music for Madame."

When Joan heard the rumor that Ginger Rogers would not appear in the next Astaire picture and that the studio was looking for another leading lady for Fred she immediately started taking dancing lessons. She was tested and selected for the English girl in "Damsel in Distress" and trouped so confidently with Fred through a dance routine that she is now the fair-haired girl at RKO. She had to sing with Nino Martini and dance with Fred Astaire. That, I think, can safely be called holding your own with experienced troupers.

Dorothy Lamour, Charlie MacCarthy's beloved Dotty, is another young girl who is traveling in fast company. Dorothy is twenty-two years old and was born in New Orleans. In 1931 she went to Chicago where



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she worked as a model, and then later in nearly every department, at the Marshall Field department store. From childhood she had been a friend of the late Dorothy Dell and when Dorothy, a great hit at that time in the "Ziegfeld Follies," came to Chicago she persuaded Dorothy Lamour, who had a natural voice, to sing at celebrity night at the hotel. She did so, and Herb Kay, a well known orchestra leader, heard her and asked her to sign up with his orchestra, which she did. He later asked her to marry him, which she also did.

With her eye on a movie career she came to Hollywood and it was only a matter of a short time before Paramount had her all signed up on a contract. "I know from nothing about acting," Dorothy will tell you, "and as a matter of fact I know from nothing about singing. I never had a voice lesson in my life, there never was enough money, until I came to Hollywood." Although her salary has been doubled since she first signed at Paramount it is interesting to note that Dorothy lives in the same apartment, drives the same car, and runs her life as simply as she did before. In fact, she took a five-year lease on her very small apartment in a none too fashionable district just so she wouldn't be tempted to "go Hollywood" and buy a little something extravagant in Bel-Air.

She was "frightened to death" when the studio put her in "High, Wide, and Handsome" with Irene Dunne, both an accomplished actress and singer, and she doesn't know how she managed to survive. Concerning Dorothy Irene says, "In the comparatively short time Dorothy has been on the screen she has proven herself in a wide range of pictures to be an actress of unlimited dramatic possibilities. She has a fine voice which is an added asset to any star. I enjoyed working with her in 'High, Wide and Handsome' during which time I learned she is as charming off the screen as on."

When the studio first signed her they weren't terribly impressed, but she'd be all right for "B" pictures, they decided. So they stuck her in "Jungle Princess," one of those Tarzan Things that every studio feels duty bound to make ever so often. The picture wasn't so bad as jungle pictures go, nor was it so good, but everything stopped when Dorothy sang, *Moonlight and Shadows.* It immediately became a hit picture just because of the way Dorothy put over the song. The studio also demanded that Dorothy cut her hair when she started her first picture and wear a wig. This Dorothy refused to do. She has very long hair and she likes it. Nothing makes her more furious than to have someone accuse her of wearing a wig.

Her first "A" picture was "Swing High, Swing Low" in which Carole Lombard starred. Dorothy was so unimportant in those days (it was just last year) that she didn't even have a dressing room on the set. And her part in the picture, a heavy "heavy," was so nasty that it would take her years to live it down. Dorothy wasn't at all happy about that picture but she decided that what with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon and Charlie Butterworth all being so very important it wasn't up to the likes of her to say anything. But Carole said plenty. First of all she shared her dressing room with Dorothy, and second she proceeded to rewrite the script. Dorothy was still the "heavy," but a nice "heavy." Little children didn't have bad dreams because of her. "I didn't have to try to hold my own with the stars in that picture," says Dorothy. "Carole saw to it that I kept right in line with them. A beginner is certainly lucky to have the opportunity of working with Carole Lombard."

After weeks of broadcasting with W. C. Fields on the Chase and Sanborn Hour she feels that she has absorbed a little comedy technique and she welcomed the chance to do a dizzy scene with him in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." She is working now in "Her Jungle Lover" which is the third time she has had to cavort about in a native costume which is plenty revealing. The Lamour legs are very easy on the optics. Her ambition is to be given a rôle some day in which she can wear orchids and swish around in something terribly chic by Hattie Carnegie.

Benny The Good

Continued from page 51

in that what Mr. Goodman is good for, is worked out before your eyes. The best that you hear is improvised, spontaneous, the inspiration of the moment. That is why the crowd hangs on so. A clarinet is also a clarinet but not when Benny Goodman, enraptured, plays it outside of himself.

He'll act and talk in "Hollywood Hotel." Just now he thinks they'll make a movie hero out of him over his dead body, but it's probably not in his hands. He talks like a Texan, in a low infectious drawling delivery. "That's because I'm from south Chicago—near the stockyards," he explains affably. But in his monosyllablic retorts he thinks Hollywood swell because it does things. This movie acting sort of shies him up. "No, nothing romantic." He hopes it isn't romantic. Well, he hopes he won't be spied for that. Just pals around with Dick Powell in the picture. "Ye-us, I did feel shy acting at first, but hell, you get too tired to notice anything. Broadcast rehearsals, the studio at eight in the morning, playing every night until two. There is a kind of glamor but you haven't time to sit down to it."

The particular flavor of Benny Goodman's soirées ought really to be described just to get a line on the king of swing. "That," says the crowd at the Palomar, "is Benny Goodman." Where? "Oh, over there at one of the tables on the floor. You can go up to him. We never did, but I guess it's all right." And they don't, but when he rises from the table where he has sat out an intermission, the tense, adoring respect finds hands and arms with which to signal and touch him.

Benny looks not a little like Patric Knowles and he also has a feeling about him of Randy Scott. He is not as tall as Randy, and the screen may show him shorter or taller than he is, but there is something of Randy's clean shagginess. He may be a very good actor because he has magnetism and unselfconscious poise. If the transfer is successful, it will also be interesting to watch something else. With the crowds over the land Benny has the edge as a masculine idol. The escorts storm the situation, not that the girls don't do their best, but the boys set themselves up as authorities. And Benny says their feelings more for them perhaps.

Benny The Good was born in Chicago twenty-eight years ago. His first clarinet came from a mail-order house and was paid for in installments. He played it in a boys' band at Jane Adams' Hull House. In the Goodman family there were eleven little Goodmans with Benny eighth in the procession. At ten he was a professional, appearing on a local vaudeville stage. He had to leave school at fourteen but the Dead Ends of a city even up, eventually they right themselves, and by having to leave school he was on deck at the right time to play with Bix Biederbecke and Frank Trumbauer, the pioneers of the first barrel-house style known as Chicago. That was almost swing, but it got snowed under,

and jazz went sweet. The half-grown Goodman toting his long clarinet to Bix Biederbecke's band as an extra musician was to bring it back.

Of his first New York days, the word-chary Goodman says he was "in radio and such." It wasn't all easy going. He played with his band in the musical comedy "Free For All" on Broadway and it folded. At the Hotel Roosevelt Grill the orthodox patrons thought his music too unorthodox. In all he had a few years of what in the play "Stage Door" is beneficently summed up as preparation for a career. One of the men who recognized him early was Billy Rose, that small emperor of monumental ideas who had him in Billy Rose' Music Hall. But in the next few years he showed them, at the Ritz Carlton Roof in Boston, on the air, at the Urban Room of the Congress in Chicago, at the Palomar in Los Angeles, on the New York Paramount stage where his appearance created riots. He appeared briefly in a scene of "The Big Broadcast of 1937" but strictly with the band. On the side last year he turned out *Stomping at the Savoy* in collaboration with Edgar Sampson.

In his present band are Krupa, drums, Reuss, guitar, and out of the quartet, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, all names alongside Goodman's own and whom you will see on the screen. When the quartet swings out, Goodman, Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, that's top in swing. They *ad lib* and shoot from the cuff and the madder and hotter they go, the more they go extemporaneous.

What is swing? "Well, you explain poker to me, and I'll explain swing." Why is swing popular? "Well, because people like it." Why do they like it? "They just do, that's all." Mr. Goodman will of course have to learn to regard news about himself as exciting and meet the press in beautiful dressing gowns, and have ultra hobbies, and not consider his biography past history unless it's present indicative and then about the band, and not keep all his nice phrases to say over the air where he can breathe them almost silently into the microphone.

Over the radio for the Camel ciggies Benny calls the roll call of the swingsters in language that is as freshly minted as his impromptu solos. He calls the roll low, sly, and rumbling. "All right boys, let's take Dinah over the railroad tracks." Or with indigo irreverence, "Deal out the Carmen Gene." Or with a cavalier ta-ta to the compromisers, "Swing it from the heart boys, good and sweet—but warm."

He thought mastering one art is enough, but you know how it is. A career these days has a subpoena in every pocket. Somebody thinks up a new way in which you've got to be good. Besides he's been a movie fan all his life. Barbara Stanwyck steals in to hear him and the band, and he's had Barbara as his favorite actress for a pretty long time. And Spencer Tracy. Benny smiles his particular triangular smile kiddingly. He's got to go off now and play *Me, Myself, and I.*



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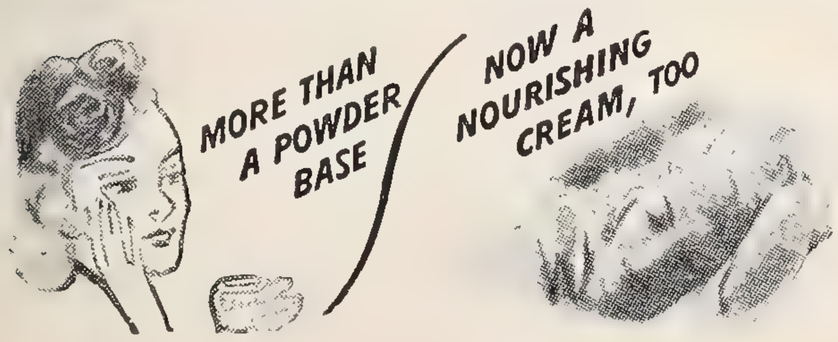
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"Hurricane" Hall

Continued from page 34

but they know him as Charles Locher, his real name.

Jon is reluctant to talk about his past. I had to plead with him to tell me even these bits from his life.

"My grand-dad, Captain Chapman, used to take my mother with him when he went trading to the other islands," Jon explained. "Once when she was a tiny little kid they were caught in a typhoon and three of the four men were lost. Exhausted after being lashed about by stormy seas for three days mother and grand-dad were washed ashore on a cannibal island where natives bound him to a stake intending to sacrifice him to their gods, but luckily their superstition saved him.

"My mother, who was only seven years old, had hidden in an empty apple barrel on the ship. After three hours she climbed out and saw the cannibals doing a war dance around her father. Terrified, she ran to him. The natives, seeing her golden hair and white skin as she sped across the sand, believed she was a goddess. Grand-dad told her in French (which the natives couldn't understand) to make motions that he was a good man, to fix his boat and to give him men to return or else their whole island would blow up. Afraid of volcanoes and thinking she had the power of destroying their island, they hurriedly patched the boat sails and loaned grand-dad five men to return home.

"Such stories as these made me long for adventure too," said Jon. "Gouverneur Morris and Zane Grey, the novelists, used to tell me thrilling tales of the outside world. I longed to see it for myself, so my parents sent me to school in the United States and then to Geneva, Switzerland, where I studied for the diplomatic service. Later I entered Badingham College to specialize in law and Latin to prepare for Oxford where I planned to continue my studies in diplomacy. In those days I never dreamed of the stage.

"I only came to Hollywood to see mother and dad, who had moved here while I was away at school. I expected to return to England after a short visit in California but I met my old friend, Gouverneur Morris. He also had left Tahiti. Morris introduced me to E. E. Clive, who was putting on a play called 'M'lord the Duke' at the Hollywood Playhouse. Bob Taylor, his juvenile lead, had just been signed by M-G-M. Clive was a good sport—he let me take Taylor's place, although I had never been on the stage before.

"Clive put me in three of his plays before I was given the juvenile rôle in 'Charlie Chan in Shanghai,' my first picture. After two other small parts on the screen I decided to chuck it all and sail for the South Seas or some other far-away place. Just as I was packing to leave for San Francisco to look for a job on a steamship line, John Ford, director of 'Hurricane,' had returned from Samoa and learning of the talent hunt for someone to play *Terangi* suggested me, the boy next door. We hardly knew each other. It was divine providence, that's all!"

It isn't only Jon who is in the clouds these days; the producers of "Hurricane" also found themselves alongside Jon on heaven's highest shelf, when they discovered him. Jon is the newest, most exciting heart-beat in Hollywood today, but aside from his romantic appeal, he is a hair-raising dare-devil. He isn't afraid of anything. The tougher and more hazardous things they give him to do, the better he likes it. In fact he thrives on danger. Jon hooted at the mere mention of a double!

At Catalina, where they were making retakes, some live sharks which had been imported for this particular scene savagely attacked the dead ones Jon had to hold up and struggle with in the water before the camera. Jon was miles from shore but kept on swimming. Sharp-shooters, realizing the sudden danger of the attacking sharks, began firing bullets that whizzed within three inches of him. It finally became so dangerous orders were given to stop shooting. Jon thought it was fun and all in the day's work.

Jon isn't married, although four times Hollywood reporters have published rumors of his engagement and are still linking his name with first one girl and then another. He lives with his parents and young sister in a long, low California house tucked into a Hollywood hill. The specious verandah with comfortable chairs, little woven reed tables, ash trays of huge flat pearl shells, and a garden full of fragrant blossoming bushes take you back to Tahiti.

In the drawing-room Jon has several fine canvases, lush, green, tropical paintings of Tahiti done by George Biddle. There are always fresh flowers and interesting books about. Small lacquer tables and an ancient Chinese chest match the soft vermilion slip covers on the sofa and chairs. Here you feel closer to Jon's native Tahiti than to Hollywood; the conversation even seems to drift across the seas.

Women already idolize Jon Hall. But he has feet of clay like all the others. The next twelve months will prove whether Jon can stand success; whether he can take it in his stride and not go balmy. Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are two great examples of fascinating he-men who rode through on the crest of the wave, growing more popular with each picture.

Right now Jon shrugs his expressive shoulders and grins when love is mentioned. Probably he has been warned not to talk about romance; it's usually a dangerous subject.

He said, "'Hurricane' may or may not be the beginning of a career for me. Of course I hope I'm on my way—acting is the work I love best. I want to be a success. Right now I should concentrate on learning everything I can. Personally I don't think careers and love mix particularly well. It's difficult to try them both at once, at least not until you've both feet on the ground. To be honest with you I think love is—well, it's so absorbing that if you let yourself fall in love nothing else seems to matter!"

He blushed suddenly, obviously realizing he had betrayed the fact that he already knows plenty about romance, and why shouldn't he?

This bit of information is going to give the blondes a jolt—Jon prefers brunettes! I got him to admit that, even though he did it reluctantly.

"It's true—I definitely like brunettes. Perhaps I'm prejudiced: the brunettes I've known have all been terribly interesting girls. They seem to have more dignity, more charm than any blonde I ever met. I know perfectly well that blondes can be darn charming but up to date I haven't happened to meet one I could be wildly enthusiastic about. Some day I want to marry and take my bride to the South Seas. My uncle has a treasure island that we can explore to our heart's content."

There's quite a legend about this island—hidden there supposedly in its depths are millions and millions of dollars in gold.

"Right now, I feel as though Hollywood has turned out to be my treasure island. I want to keep on digging, for I don't trust too much in the name my Tahitian friends gave me," he said—and laughed again.



Here's a new angle on Frances Langford, in "Hollywood Hotel."

The Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

Continued from page 33

on the floor in the center of the room, this was done along with shooting schedules, breakdowns, wardrobe plots, and Mr. Johnson's script.

Fortunately, there are few stars who have the right to supervise scripts; usually it is the producer who attends to such salient discrepancies as "'red' rose in buttonhole" for "'pink' rose in buttonhole."

Nunnally Johnson, who authored that first day script, is a good example of what a little rolling will do in Hollywood. Paramount would not raise his salary. He quit and got a job at Twentieth Century at twice what he had previously demanded. He is now the white-haired boy of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and one of the highest paid scenarists.

Hollywood is a confusion one inevitably accepts with calm. My calmness came, as in any foreign country, with a knowledge of its language. All Hollywoodians are supposed to know and apply in their ordinary conversation such words as "Fade in," "credit titles," "dissolve," "closeup," "medium shot," "trucking shot," "long shot," "full shot," "Camera Zooms," "Montage," "sequence," "fade out" and words not approved by the censors, which of course include profanity. In a script, God is never spoken of or to unless in prayer, darn is the substitute for damn, and words in the strain of pimp and flowsy should not even appear in the first version.

Script form varies slightly in the different studios but all follow a similar pattern. A script should not be more than one hundred and twenty pages long, if that. It is divided into sequences, of which there can be any number but are seldom less than five or more than seven. The sequence is to the scenario what the act is to the play. Each begins with a "Fade in" and ends with a "Fade out." Sometimes sequences are named with the letters of the alphabet, as A.B. C. or D., and sometimes not. Curiously the letter "I" is never used. (Probably too much in demand as a pronoun.)

"Fade in" is nothing more than that—Fade in. A cutter, the man or woman who shortens scenes by cutting the film and then arranges them in the desired order, told me that starting at its apex, "Fade in" is a V-shaped widening of light on the

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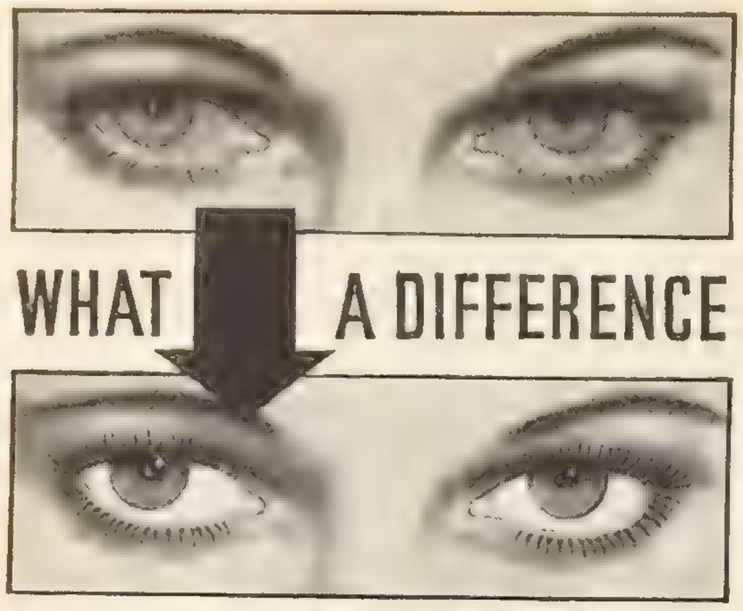
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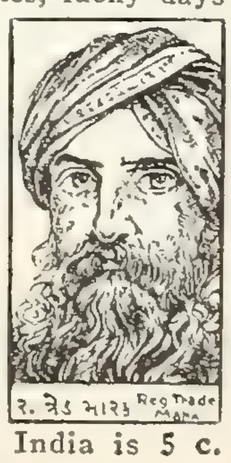
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dark film until the entire square is covered. "Fade out" reverses the process.

SAM SNODGRASS presents Wanda Gulch in "Blossoms on a Cactus." Original story by John Shakespeare and Peter Einstein. (Credit title) Screenplay by Joe Doe, Tom Teenth, Eve Gay and Malcolm Montgomery. (Credit title) Technical adviser, Dr. Ludwig Von Loon, Phd. (Credit title) Gowns.....Gargo. (Gowns are always more original if their creators use only one name).

Let us imagine we are adapting a story for the screen in which Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone and Douglas Fairbanks are to play the leads. (It is a favorite trick of producers to feature stars who have been in some phase of romantic interest.)

The first scene is generally a STOCK SHOT. (Films taken previously and kept in the permanent files of the studio. Pictures of Times Square, Piccadilly Circus, and newsreels of forest fires, floods, and current events are stock shots.)

Each movement of the camera is a scene and numbered so our first shot will be A-1—"A" for the sequence and "1" for the scene. If the sequence is not named the first scene is simply "1" and the number of the first scene in the second sequence will follow that of the last scene in the first sequence instead of being B-1.

Our STOCK SHOT will be of the French Riviera. A-2 will be a LONG SHOT—CHATEAU ON RIVIERA (A long shot is just what it says, a long shot so that a full view is obtained.)

A-3 INT. LIVING ROOM OF CHATEAU —WIDE ANGLE (As much of the room as can be is included in the "frame" or picture.)

Then in its place on the page reserved for business:

A woman is standing in the center of the room, apparently waiting for someone. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER (each movement of the camera is typed in capital letters) and we see that the woman is JOAN. Her face lights up as she sees something out of picture. We CUT TO: (A "cut to" occurs when there is a change of scene in running action.)

A-4 FRANCHOT ON STAIRS — FULL SHOT (entire figure) He is descending the stairs.

A-5 FRANCHOT AND JOAN—MED. FULL SHOT (upper half) He kisses her. They start walking toward the patio, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH THEM. (The camera is being pushed.)

A-6 FRANCHOT AND JOAN—IN PATIO —MED. CLOSE SHOT (shoulders and heads) They are engaged in animated repartee.

JOAN: It's a lovely day.

FRANCHOT: Yes, it is . . . a lovely day.

JOAN: (suddenly, a horrified expression on her face) Look! She points to the sky.

A-7 PLANE IN SKY—LONG SHOT The pilot has obviously lost control and the plane is crazily banking in circles.

A-8 JOAN AND FRANCHOT They watch, helpless.

A-9 PLANE IN SKY—LONG SHOT It starts to fall in a straight line to the ground.

A-10 PILOT IN PLANE (TRANSPARENCY) His face is distorted with fear. (Because of the difficulties of photographing the interiors of moving vehicles most scenes in planes, automobiles, buggies, and boats are transparency effects. The stationary vehicle is placed before a screen on which pictures of the background are run. Wind machines help give the effect of speed; the bouncing of the automobile or jogging of the buggy is done (out of picture) by some of the kind gentlemen on the set; and telephone poles whizzing past are frequently pencil-size wooden sticks which are flashed before the camera at regular intervals by an equally agreeable gentleman.)

A-11-12-13-14 MONTAGE EFFECT (Name of the man who invented it) showing the thoughts which race through the aviator's mind as he falls to almost certain death.

The background of our Montage will be the head of the aviator. Dissolved into it we see a child kissing his dying mother goodbye; the same child, only older, seeing a dog killed; a youth winning a race. The tense face of the youth, which we do not clearly see, becomes the tense face of the aviator, racing to death in a plane!

A-15 PLANE IN SKY—FRANCHOT AND JOAN'S VIEWPOINT It crashes to the ground. CAMERA ZOOMS UP CLOSE (rapid action on the part of the pushers) as the plane bursts into flame.

In its special place on the page:

SOUND EFFECT: The sound of plane crashing and bursting into flame.

Franchot dashes into picture. (Heroes never do anything so common as "run".)

After several shots of Franchot trying to rescue the aviator he succeeds.

A-20 JOAN, AVIATOR AND FRANCHOT —IN PATIO—MED. FULL SHOT The limp figure of the aviator is lying on the ground. Joan is again her animated self and is brushing gay tears from her eyes. Tenderly, then, she removes the aviator's helmet and goggles. She starts back, amazed.

A-21 AVIATOR—CLOSE SHOT (Just the head in picture) It is Douglas.

A-22 GROUP SHOT—MED. CLOSE Douglas comes to. (If a nice person call characters by Christian name, if villain a terse Bligh or Hyde is more menacing.) He gives a start of recognition.



You can tell by her smile that Helen Valkis has a film contract.

DOUGLAS: I'm not dead?

Joan slowly and silently shakes her head.

DOUGLAS: Take me to a hospital, please.

A-23 FRANCHOT AND JOAN She looks at Franchot with beseeching eyes.

JOAN: Please.

Franchot nods his head in assent.

A-24 GROUP SHOT

JOAN: (smiling animatedly) You're going to stay here with us, Douglas, until you get well. The CAMERA MOVES AWAY from the group and STOPS on the dead leaves on the ground and we DISSOLVE INTO:

(A dissolve denotes a lapse of time. It is not so long as a Fade out nor so short as a cut. Before all of one scene has melted out the new one is coming in. Hence the word "dissolve".)

A-25 THE BUDDING LEAVES OF A TREE CLOSE SHOT (A standard way of showing that time marches on)

A-26 INT. BEDROOM IN CHATEAU—DOUGLAS IN BED—MED. CLOSE SHOT He is smiling happily.

DOCTOR: (not in picture) I think you can get up today, son.

CAMERA PULLS AWAY to give us a WIDER ANGLE OF THE ROOM and we see Franchot and Joan at either side of the bed. (The doctor is standing near a door.)

DOCTOR: I've done all I can do. You two will have to do the rest. He looks significantly at Joan and Franchot.

A-27 THREE SHOT—FRANCHOT, JOAN AND DOUGLAS

JOAN AND FRANCHOT: (simultaneously) We will.

The three exchange smiles of great understanding.

JOAN: We've decided to be pals.

A-28 DOCTOR He smiles, too, in understanding.

A-29 JOAN, FRANCHOT AND DOUGLAS They are gazing at one another with even greater understanding.

A-30 DOCTOR He turns, tiptoes out the door and closes it softly behind him.

A-31 CLOSE THREE SHOT Unaware of the doctor's departure, Joan, Franchot and Douglas smile at one another with the greatest of understanding as we FADE OUT.

The number of writers assigned to a picture depends upon its producer's pocketbook, for each writer's salary is charged against the picture whether or not his script is the one used—one why of the high cost of production.

Generally, two writers collaborate. More often than not, no sooner do they finish their script when it is passed on to another pair to be polished. The polishing process may last until every writer on the lot has had a crack at it and nothing of the original story, novel, or play, for which the producer may have paid as much as one hundred thousand dollars, remains.

Who, then, receives the cherished screenplay credit? According to the new film code only two writers may do so. However, if a team both members must be mentioned, so a maximum of four names can follow the "Screenplay by." The names will be those of the persons who have contributed the major part of the script which is filmed.

One of the most successful teams in Hollywood today is that of Walter De Leon and Francis Martin, who specialize in comedies and musicals. Walter De Leon (one of his best was "Ruggles of Red Gap"

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with Charles Laughton) ranked second in the official 1936 screen year book for having the greatest number of box office hits for the preceding five years. (Robert Lord of Warner Brothers received first honors.)

De Leon is a former juvenile and vaudeville actor and has had little formal education. He is probably one of the sanest people in Hollywood and leads a quiet, happy domestic life.

Francis Martin was baker, gambler, song and dance maker before he started writing for Mack Sennett. Now he never eats bakery stuff, still has a penchant for plaids, and collects pipes. While De Leon, who stutters slightly, dictates, Martin paces up and down the small cubicle that is a writer's room, chewing the stem of one of his weirdly-shaped pipes. He interrupts occasionally, saying:

"Walter, don't you think this is a good spot for a revised version of the traveling salesman joke?" Or, "Walter, how about pulling that old gag we used on the three-a-day? It's always good for a belly laugh."

That hilarious pair of scenarists in Bella and Sam Spewack's play, "Boy Meets Girl," is said to be a composite of the teams of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, and William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones, who parted ways a year ago; McNutt to go to M-G-M and Jones to a producer's berth at Paramount.

"Lives of a Bengal Lancer," an Academy award winner, is the product of McNutt and Jones in collaboration with Waldemar Young, called one of the Twelve Apostles of Hollywood. (No one has bothered to name the other eleven.)

Mr. Young, who has been writing for the screen for eighteen years, is a kindly old bear and the only person to score ninety in the word game the writers play as another source of inspiration. What this game has cost the studios can only be imagined but the average family could live its span luxuriously on the interest.

Any number may play the game. Each participant is required to have pencil and paper. Make a large square. Divide that into little squares, five across and five down until there are twenty-five. (Grover Jones had some printed and distributed them among the writers to save time.) Someone give a letter—anyone. Someone give another, or it can be the same as the first. As the letters are given the players are supposed to put them in their little squares.

The winner is the person who, when all are filled, has the most words; ten being high as each word must begin in one of the first squares at the top and left side. The scoring is ten points for a five-letter word, four points for a four-letter word, and three points for a three-letter word. Proper names and foreign words do not count.

Sometimes the writer does not get the inspiration, but the producer does. Once, when working for Philip MacDonald, author of the *Anthony Gethryn* detective stories, "Menace" and "The Lost Patrol," Arthur Hornblow, Jr., his producer and husband of Myrna Loy, returned from a trip abroad with an idea for a film for George Raft.

While walking the boulevards of Paris he had seen and heard a man playing a concertina. CONCERTINA! A swell title for a story! The fact that George Raft did not play a concertina mattered not at all. Also, Hornblow had paid two thousand dollars for a hitherto unused detective story in Hungarian in which the hero is a little boy, the action takes place aboard ship, and subsidiary characters are some detectives en route to a convention in New York City.

Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s, instruction to Philip MacDonald amounted to this: "Write me an original story, the title of which is to be 'Concertina;' the hero, George Raft; the place aboard ship; and throw in five detectives just to get my two thousand out of the Hungarian detective story."

The outcome was a film with Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard playing the leads, called "The Princess Comes Across." George Raft would not play in the picture because he said the cameraman gave Lombard all the breaks, and Lombard's contract stated she could have any cameraman she wanted.

Unlike the late Edgar Wallace, who could write a complete novel via the dictaphone in a few days' time, the majority of writers do not dictate spontaneously. Most frequently the material is first written in long-hand and then dictated. Some use notes or work from an outline, and the mouthings of many come so slowly that several girls have knitted dresses and sweaters while waiting for their geniuses to think of the next word.

Of all the writers from whom I have taken dictation Thyra Samter Winslow (it would be a woman) author of "My Own, My Native Land" and "Picture Frames," could best and longest maintain an uninterrupted flow of words that made sense.

To see Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell around the studio (when they are) one would never credit her with being the wit she is supposed to be. She is very quiet (Alan Campbell does all the dictating) and greets one with a sweet and vague smile from under her bangs. Besides "hello," the

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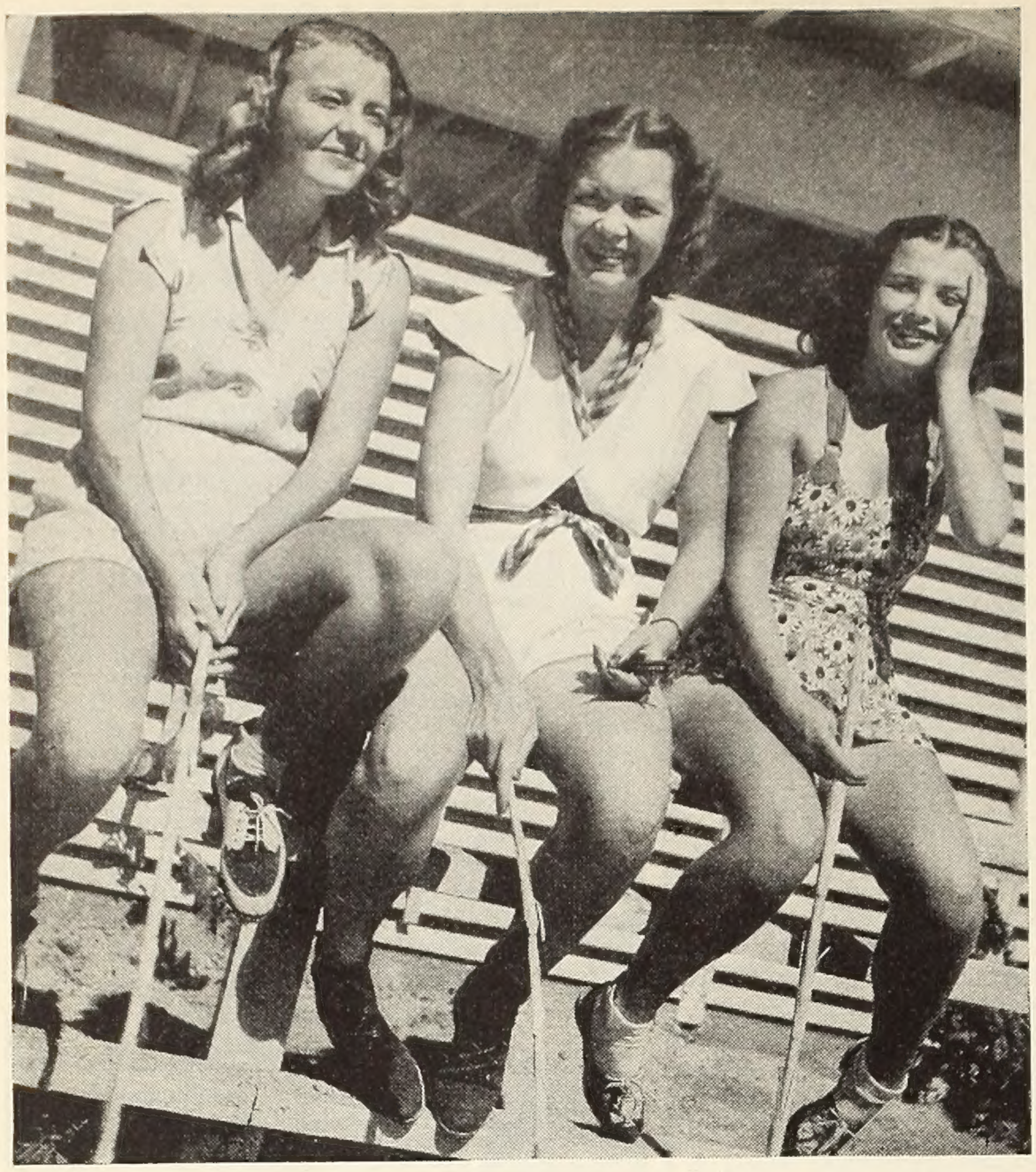

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Three darling daughters of the studios take the pause that refreshes by perching between hikes! Jane Bryan, Jane Wyman, and Mary Maguire are the pretty railbirds presented in the vivacious view on the left.

only thing I ever heard her say was in the ladies' lavatory. (The one on the fourth floor of the Writers' Building at Paramount is very small.) I bumped into her when I was going out. She said, "My, but it's congested in here!" Ever since I have been trying to decide whether or not it was intended to be clever.

But the life of a celluloid secretary is not always so disappointing. There are story conferences.

After five weeks of work Mr. Hosc (Hater of story conferences) to whom I was assigned, and his collaborating team, Mr. Nih (New in Hollywood) and Miss Atga (Anxious to get ahead) turned in the first rough draft of a script.

Something was wrong with it, said the producer, Mr. Mitta (More intelligent than the average). He did not know just what, but *definitely* there was something wrong. Consequently the following Sunday a story conference was to be held at his house. All concerned were to be present. This included the director, Mr. Abow (Abstaining because of wife) and Miss Enigmatic, the producer's secretary, and myself. The two secretaries were to be prepared to take notes and possibly retype the entire script. The conference was to start at ten o'clock.

I came at eleven. A Filipino butler took my things and showed me into the living room. It was a large room, a very large room, with Persian rugs, heavy brocade drapes and the furniture Italian Renaissance, ornately carved Spanish, and comfortable American. At the far end, before a fireplace in which was burning a four-foot log, sat the biggest Great Dane I have ever seen and all the story conference participants with the exception of Mr. Hosc, who had not yet arrived.

What actors and actresses would best portray the characters in the film was the subject of discussion.

"I'd like her in the picture," Mr. Mitta was saying. "But she's so much trouble. Have to keep a nurse on hand to sober her up."

I spotted my typewriter and the supplies on the grand piano and went over and got a notebook and several already-sharpened pencils. I sat a short distance from the others near a low table piled high in Roman carelessness with fruits, nuts, and sweets.

Mr. Hosc arrived. "Only chance I had to talk to my lawyer about my divorce," he explained as he joined the group. (Although he was not living with his wife and had no intention of getting a divorce, this was a beautiful alibi. It always worked and everyone was always sympathetic. I had heard him use the same excuse several times.)

"Now we can get down to business," said Mr. Mitta, utterly delighted with the assembled group. "Before we start, would anyone like a Martini?"

"None for me," said Abow, the director, an old-time Mack Sennett man.

Everyone else, including the two secretaries on the payroll at time and one-half—for it was Sunday—accepted.

The Martinis were served and work began. The script was to be gone through, page for page, and each point analyzed in an effort to find the lost link of the story. Mr. Mitta started reading.

The first fade-out was reached with the third Martini and no criticism.

"We're progressing splendidly," said Mr. Mitta, as he put down the script. "Now I think we can have a spot of lunch. We'll just have to take pot luck today because Mrs. Mitta is down at Palm Springs and I'm rather baching it."

Mr. Abow, who had been restlessly pacing the floor during the reading of the first sequence, was the first to reach the wrought-iron fence, behind which were drawn portieres and the dining room.

Mr. Mitta pulled a cord, the portieres fell back, the wrought-iron fence swung open, and we all went into lunch. It was a simple little meal consisting of assorted cold meats and chicken, cheeses, halved avocados with French dressing, hamburgers (yes, hamburgers), fruit salad, ale, Guinness stout, and coffee.

At its conclusion Mr. Mitta suggested that we have a romp in the patio with the dog.

We romped. We had to. All our salaries were being charged against Mr. Mitta's picture. The Great Dane turned out to be an affectionate creature, quite fond of standing on his hind legs and caressing one and all with his fore-paws.

After we had all romped to the Dane's partial satisfaction we turned to the living room, our respective places, and the second sequence.

"How about a Scotch and soda to pick us up a bit?" asked Mr. Mitta.

Everyone but Mr. Abow, who seemed more restless than ever, welcomed the suggestion. Mr. Hosc was almost cheerful. Miss Atga made endless mouths and eyes at our host. And the bewildered look in Mr. Nih's eyes was growing.

We peacefully digested the second sequence. But the third, with of course another Scotch and soda, was really exciting. Everyone talked at once and agreed with nobody. It was becoming more and more obvious that there was *definitely* something wrong with the story. Miss Enigmatic, Mr. Mitta's secretary, and I even made a few criticisms though we had yet to put symbol to notebook.

During the fourth sequence Mr. Hosc began to be directly rude to Miss Atga and Mr. Nih, whom he had grown to hate during the past five weeks, and I noticed Mr. Abow with a scotch and soda in his hand. (His wife divorced him a month later.) The Great Dane dozed fitfully.

"It certainly shows what can be done when you settle down to serious work," said Mr. Mitta, glowing with pleasure as he began the fifth sequence.

"Mitta," interrupted the no longer restless Mr. Abow, "remember when we made 'Desert Cinderella,' the time we had getting Alister Stair on a horse?"

Mr. Mitta chuckled. "It wasn't a bad scene, though, when we got through with it." Between them they told the story. And many more stories. All I remember about them was that they were screamingly funny.

The Filipino butler brought in a tray of *hors d'oeuvres*. Mr. Mitta mixed up another batch of Martinis. I looked at my watch. It was seven. Miss Enigmatic and I were now on double time.

Dinner was a symphony and jazz battle of food, wines, and voices. At its crescendo, Mr. Nih, in a loud voice which no one but myself heard and I did not think necessary to answer, asked: "Where am I!" Then, apparently shocked by the sound of his voice, he subsided into silence and spoke not a word the rest of the evening. (When the script was eventually finished Mr. Nih demanded and got a leave of absence.)

Of the fifth sequence there is not much to be said. At eleven o'clock Mr. Mitta reached the final fade-out. He still felt—although we had done a splendid day's work—that there was something wrong with the story. Yes, *definitely* wrong. We were dismissed.

Haggard and ravaged Mr. Hosc came into the office the next morning at the unheard-of hour of nine-thirty.

"Get Mitta on the phone. Quick!" he said. "If I have to give up my fifteen hundred a week, yesterday's was my last story conference," he continued vehemently as he waited for the connection. "Had nightmares all night long." Then into the phone:

"Hello, Mitta. Hosc. Say, I think I've found out what's wrong with the story. Yes. Came to me last night in bed. The heroine should be the villain." Even more positively: "I said the heroine should be the villain!" Slight pause, and then in an elated tone, "You agree!"

Mr. Hosc winked triumphantly at me while he listened. Abruptly his joy left him. "All right," he said in a dead voice. He put down the receiver and turned to me. "Phone Atga and Nih. Tell them as soon as they can to get down to Mitta's office. We're having another conference."

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A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
Do women appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

THE BEST ANSWER IS THIS:
Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America



A few of the women of distinguished position who prefer Camels:

BOSTON:	Mrs. Powell Cabot
	Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd
CHICAGO:	Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr.
BALTIMORE:	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III
NEW YORK:	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
	Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
	Miss Wendy Morgan
	Mrs. Howard F. Whitney
PHILADELPHIA:	Mrs. Nicholas Biddle
	Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd
VIRGINIA:	Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne
LOS ANGELES:	Mrs. Alexander Black

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Costlier Tobaccos in a Matchless Blend

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.